America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

JANUARY
25c

Bebe Daniels

Rudy Vallee Contest

Clara Bow Psycho-Analyzed

Now the Screen has Robbed the Stage of its Most Prized Possession!

marilyn miller

Broadway's brightest dancing beauty will make her first film appearance in

"Sally"

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First National Pictures

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TODAY THESE TALKING COMEDIES ARE DECIDEDLY *the Thing*

Just a year ago the film comedy learned to talk. In December, 1928, *Educational* released its first talking comedy—*Mack Sennett's "The Lion's Roar."*

The rebirth of screen humor in these twelve months has been one of the most amazing steps in all the amazing history of motion pictures. A year ago "stage presentations" were the favorite embellishments of screen programs in the great theatres. Today the talking comedy is decidedly *the thing*.

Week after week *Educational's Talking Comedies* can be seen and heard in the finest houses of New York's Broadway and of all the other "Broadways" of America. And, according to the critics, they are proving the "hit of the show" with surprising regularity.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
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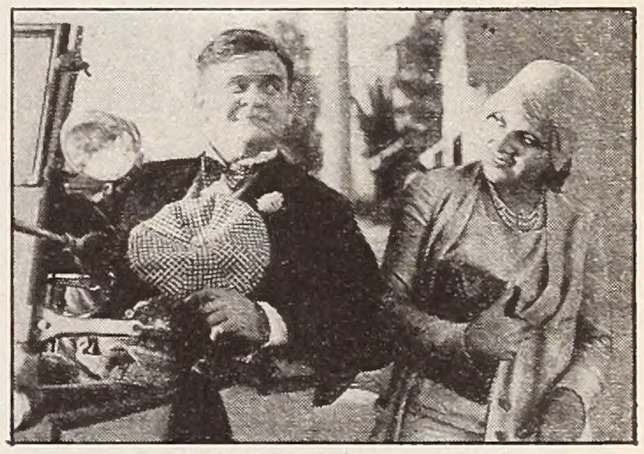
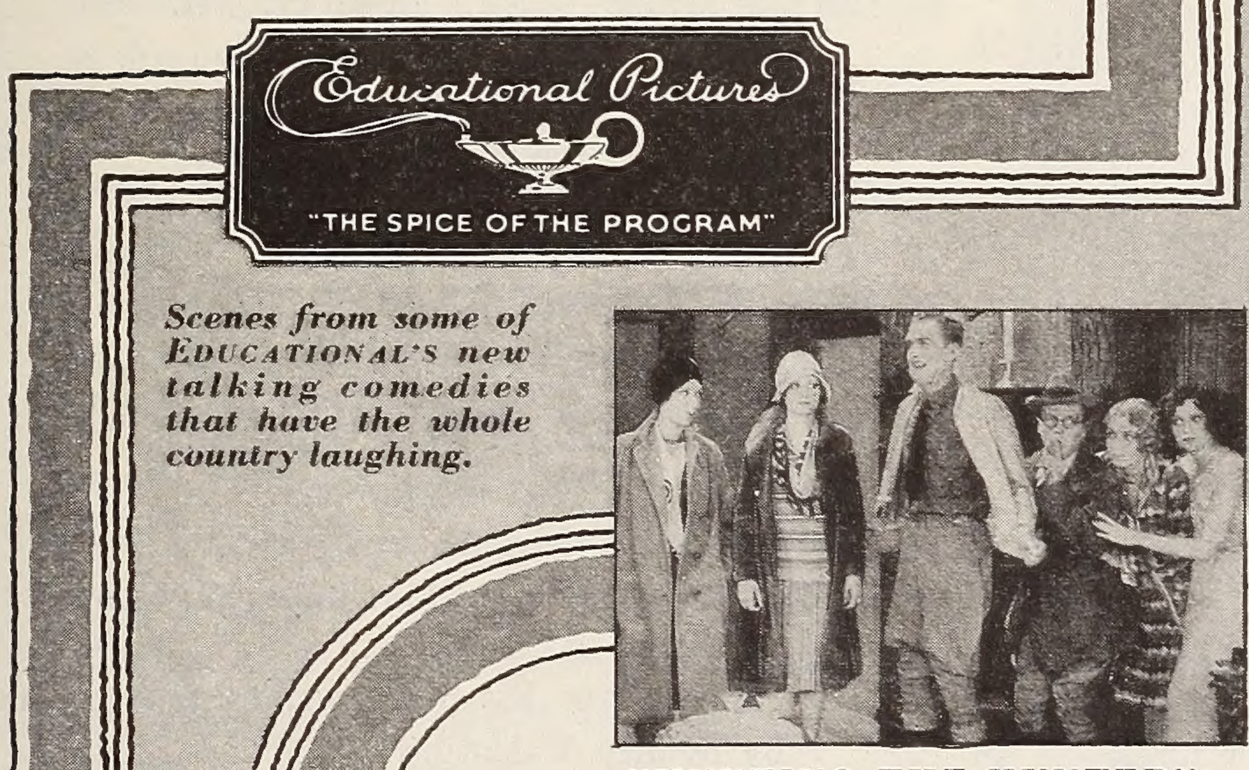
"GOOD MEDICINE"—Smartest of all talking comedies are the "CORONETS," with *Edward Everett Horton.*



"TOOT SWEET"—*LLOYD HAMILTON*, favorite for years, was never so funny as in his new talking comedies.



Scenes from some of EDUCATIONAL'S new talking comedies that have the whole country laughing.

"HUNTING THE HUNTER"—*JACK WHITE'S* famous fast action fun becomes still peppier with sound.

"PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL"—No circumstantial evidence about *LUPINO LANE.* He's a proven hit.

"THE TALKIES"—*Collins* and *Dent* give you a funny glimpse into a talkie studio in this MERMAID COMEDY.

"DON'T GET EXCITED"—If you have high blood pressure, laugh it off with one of the new TUXEDO COMEDIES.

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, *Editor*

January, 1930

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No. 3

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SOUND NEWS

By Evelyn Ballarine

Listening in on the Talkie Sets

A NEW YEAR — new changes — new faces — new bobs and whatnots and why not?

You've got to be *good* to keep up with the movies these days, what with all the new faces from the stage and our old favorites changing the color of their hair. Olive Borden not only sacrificed her crowning glory for a stunning bob but she had to bleach it for her rôle in "Dance Hall." Laura La Plante dyed her hair brunette for the feminine lead in "La Marseillaise." These girls should have swapped rôles or hair. Aileen Pringle is a blonde in "The Night Parade." Even the men don't escape—Grant Withers has dyed his hair red for "Back Pay," and for technicolor reasons. Lawrence Tibbett, recruit from grand opera, had to have a permanent wave for his rôle in "The Rogue's Song." When you see him in this picture he'll probably be your permanent rave! Even Charlie Chaplin dyed his graying locks black, temporarily, until he completes "City Lights." It's the thing to do! We wouldn't be at all surprised to see little Farina as a blond with freckles in one of the Our Gang operas!

"Journey's End," a Tiffany-Stahl picture with Ian MacLaren, a newcomer to pictures, in the leading part, and "All Quiet on the Western Front," a Universal picture with James Murray, William Bakewell and Louis Wolheim, are now in production. Both are war epics and have no women in the casts. One of pictureland's pet pastimes is to tell some movie-struck girl that she's 'just the type' for the feminine lead in either of these pictures. Even without that encouragement thousands of girls have applied for the jobs. Oh, well, it wouldn't be at all amazing if they did insert some feminine sex appeal!

Antonio Moreno is playing a bold-bad man for the first time in his career in "Romance of the Rio Grande." Oh, Tony, how could you!

Marie Dressler is to play a dramatic rôle for the first time in her career in Greta Garbo's "Anna Christie." We hope Marie won't desert the comedy field because she's too good a comedienne to go completely dramatic.

And Lilyan Tashman is to play a mother for the first time. In "The Marriage Playground," Miss Tashman plays the ultra-sophisticated mother of Mary Brian. Lilyan usually plays a 'mama' but this time she's a mater and no doubt she'll prove to be one of the most interesting and best-dressed of all screen mothers.

Cecil De Mille is going to direct a musical farce called "Madame Satan." Roland Young has been chosen for the male lead but *Madame* has not been selected as yet.

It has been said that vaudeville would suffer because of the talkies but it seems to be just the reverse. Aren't some of our former silent favorites going in for vaudeville for the training? Even Buddy Rogers, who has already clicked in the talkies, is taking a turn in vaudeville. Irene Rich, Leatrice Joy, Charlie Murray, Claire Windsor, Carmel Myers, Baclanova, Carlotta King and George K. Arthur may be seen in the two-a-day. Theda Bara is to appear in a sketch. Wonder if this means we'll be seeing Miss Bara in talkies soon?

Eddie Lowe has been borrowed from Fox for the male lead opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Bad One." They haven't played together since "What Price Glory?" In the new picture Dolores plays a French cabaret entertainer in a waterfront café frequented by American sailors and our old friend *Sergeant Quirt* becomes the sailor boy friend.

Which reminds us that there's to be another sequel to "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-Eyed World," called "New Women." Also "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" are to be sequeled. "Our Blushing Brides" is the next.

New faces may come and old faces may go but Betty Compson keeps leading the talkie parade. Her next is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" with Chester Morris as the *Sergeant* and Herbert Brenon directing. Betty will be the only girl in the cast but there'll be no complaints about that.

Don't know whether this would go under the heading of New Year's resolutions or not but Charles Ruggles, the screen's funniest audible drunk, is going 'on the wagon' for his next picture, "Let's Go Native," an operetta. The only whoopee Charles expects to make is with a ukulele.

Here's a bulk of good news — 'Fatty' Arbuckle is coming back to the screen! His pal, Jim Cruze, is going to direct his come-back picture. And if you like his first talkie there'll be more to follow.

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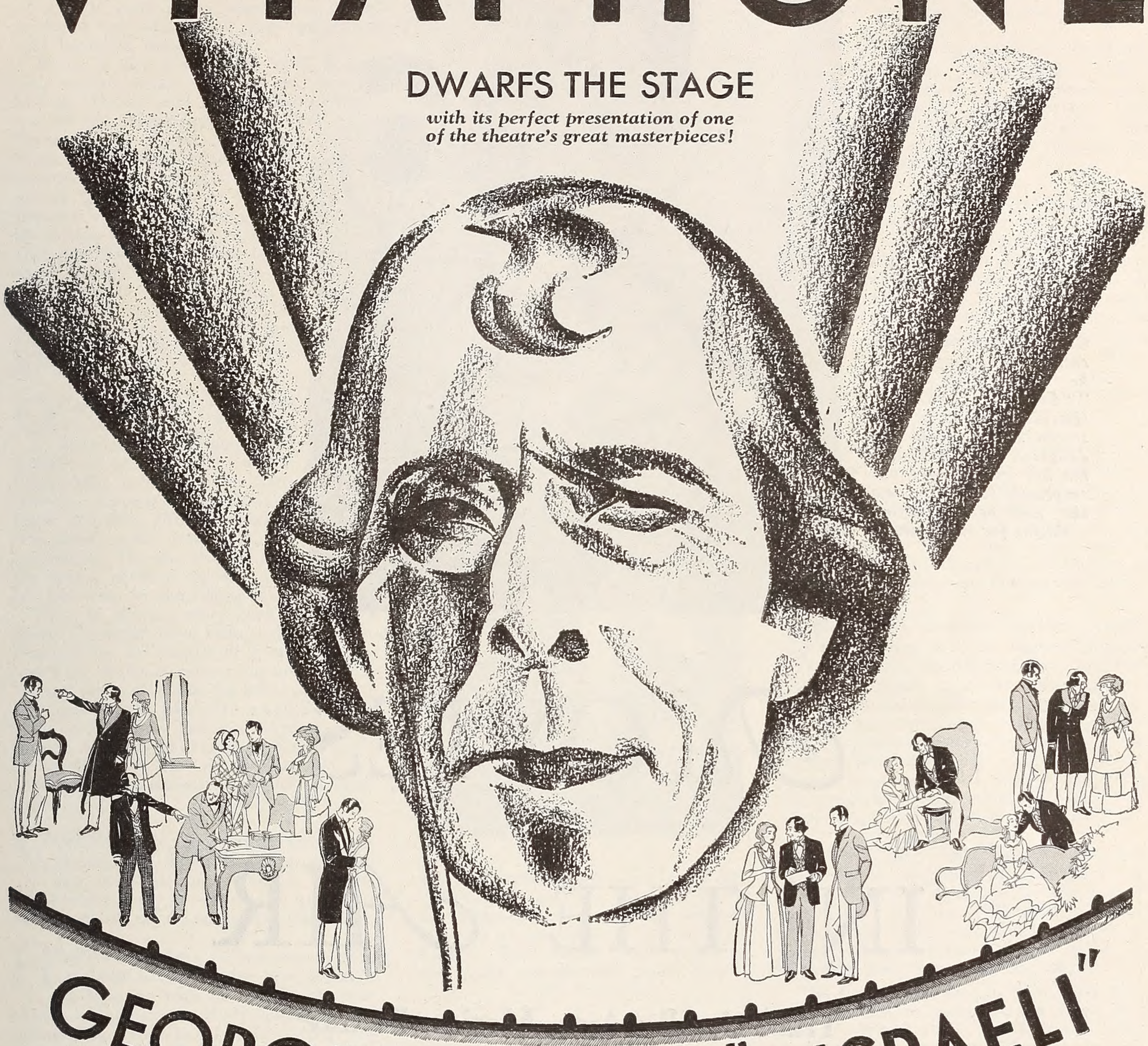
DWARFS THE STAGE

with its perfect presentation of one of the theatre's great masterpieces!



GEORGE ARLISS *in* "DISRAELI"

If you have cheers, prepare to give them now. For with George Arliss in "Disraeli" the art of Talking Pictures enters a new phase!

Experts have been predicting that it would take ten years to perfect the audible film. The experts were wrong! For here is that perfection, achieved by *Vitaphone* years ahead of time!

Not only has *Vitaphone* transplanted every atom of dramatic power, superb suspense, and rapier wit, that made George Arliss' "Disraeli" one of the historic stage successes of the century... It has done *more* than that... In a single stride it has not only attained but actually *surpassed* the stage's artistic standards, which thousands felt the screen could never even equal!

The fascination of the footlights fades before the larger lure of mammoth settings—Vitaphone's crisp, telling dialogue—and a George Arliss of heightened stature and new intimacy, exceeding even the amazing brilliance of his classic stage performance.

Come! See for yourself! Let *Vitaphone* put you "on speaking terms" with Disraeli, amazing man of destiny who rose from obscurity to control a modern empire—all because he knew how to handle women—especially a Queen.

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Look for the "Vitaphone" sign when you're looking for talking picture entertainment. You'll find it only on

WARNER BROS. *and* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Gloria Swanson broadcasting two songs from her first talking picture, "The Trespasser." Gloria's voice from the screen has surprised and delighted her audiences but her friends were not surprised, for they knew she had been studying singing for two years.

Wide World

MOVIES IN THE AIR

The Friendly Arts, Motion Picture and Radio, are on Talking Terms

By Julia Shawell

WHEN it was a certainty that talkies were a fixture in the entertainment field and film producers were frantically signing up all likely voices the natural thing was to look to the radio for some vocal s. a. Feminine warbling and masculine refrains that could keep a 1929 family in its own home certainly must have charm and appeal, so thought these flicker magnates and the broadcast studios were scanned for talent.

Unfortunately when vocal assets are distributed often there is a shortage of other physical attractions and the camera continues to make its requirements, regardless of the demands of microphones. You can't synchronize a face that would stop an eight-day clock with a voice that makes placid husbands think of long roads bordered with orange blossoms and lighted with a silvery moon.

The public didn't have to wait until television to realize that the voice isn't everything. Talkies proved to them that golden notes can be emitted from mouths that were never meant for anything but singing.

Early short subjects that should be kept as memoirs of groping days in the audible films prove to what length directors went in photographing any animated figures which could be counted on to record pleasing sounds. There are early Vitaphones of the two-reel types with heroic tenors delivering the most engaging love lyrics. Their notes are perfectly controlled but not so their girths. And scrawny sopranos who sound like feminine divinity but look something else again. Finding the types who could vocalize properly became a serious matter of elimination, a process that happily has kept step with the movie public's developing sense of discrimination.

But the movie-makers have only been learning in the past six months what it took the broadcast officials six years to master. All the tricks of recording, all the essentials of effective broadcasting can

be applied to the audible movies. The films can absorb all the technical information which radio can offer but unfortunately there is only a small proportion of radio talent which is available for vocalized pictures. When the happy combination of a radio voice and a camera personality is found, the owner is on the way to fast and lucrative fame.

Some of the best known radio figures will never manage anything but novelty shorts. For instance there is Ernest Hare, one of the Happiness Boys. For years Hare was Al Jolson's understudy on the stage. He never achieved any material success until the radio waves sent him across the continent as one of the most popular of all broadcast artists. He has an earthy, vibrant voice at its best in stirring sentimental numbers but he doesn't even slightly resemble Jack Gilbert.

Vaughn De Leath who was one of the first women ever to manage a broadcast station has a soft, crooning contralto that is flexible and thrilling but she isn't at all the Garbo type.

OF all the announcers in America there is one who for five years was deluged with fan mail. He had that something in his voice which gets the listeners-in, particularly the impressionable women. Letters of admiration, notes of frank courting, gifts of pleased appreciation piled on his desk at the big Manhattan studio. He was the 'it' man of radio, the unseen sheik of the air and he counted his followers by the thousands.

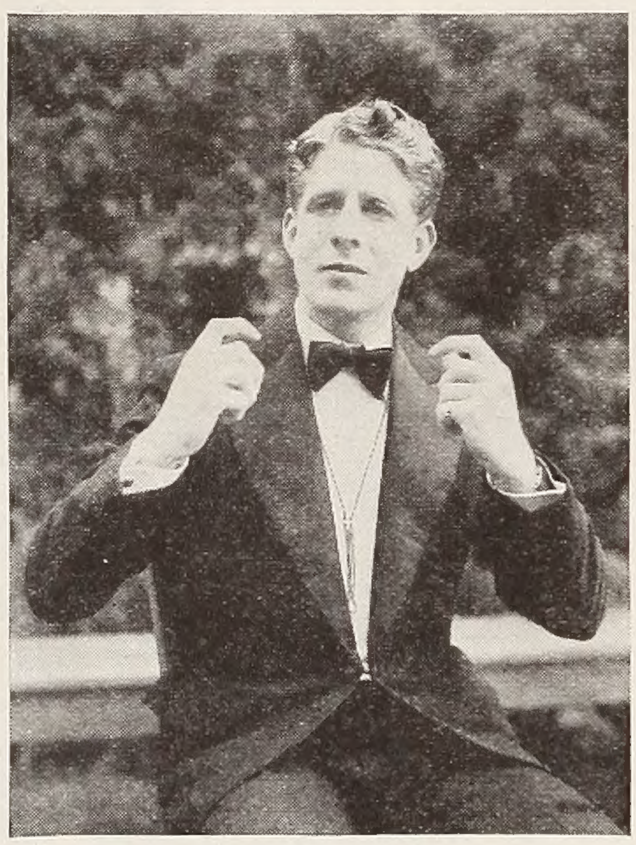
Then, as many a story goes, he made a short. It might have been a noisy advertisement for his dentist or a moving signboard for the hair restorers or one of those 'before' pictures which the physical culture exponents might use. He made only one short and he has had no offers to hero through a seven-reel feature. He's a radio personality and his place is behind the unphotographed microphone as he has sadly learned.

VOICES often give false impressions of persons. Many a captivating voice has been attributed to an Adonis figure when really it belonged to a middle-aged man of no romantic dimensions.

HOWEVER, there is one person who doubled in both fields and manages to keep up with his rapidly growing hordes of admirers. Rudy Vallee is the outstanding example of what radio and properly applied gifts can do for an ambitious young man. He was an unknown saxophone player who had quite a nice voice when he became the leader of his orchestra in Don Dickerman's Heigh-Ho Club, N. Y. It is true he had been quite engaging as a musician in Yale and far back in Gilda Gray's shimmy days at the Rendezvous he had been a clever manipulator of the musical tooting iron. But when he put a megaphone to his lips and crooned *Deep Night,* the swooning females filled the living rooms of the nation. In Broadway language he 'wowed' them with music and held them with romantic memories. For months he was the reigning Prince of Wales in his own air domain.

Impressions of this singing Romeo varied. There were those who thought he must look like Ronald Colman. Others who thought of him as an illusive Ramon Novarro. And this interested listener who was quite sure he could pass for Richard Barthelmess. In appearance he is none of these movie celebrities. He is a new type of sheik as his RKO picture, "The Vagabond Lover" will prove to his widely scattered public.

AUDIENCES seeing B. A. Rolfe and his well-known orchestra doing their jazz stuff on celluloid may not know they are gazing upon one of the real film veterans who years ago sought a career in an entirely new field only to have it lead back to the cameras. Rolfe was associated with Jesse L. Lasky in the pioneering days of the flickers but he sold his interest in the early producing company and drifted into the musical field. He played with Vincent Lopez for several seasons, gaining a reputation as one of America's best cornetists and gained a lucrative popularity in Broadway hotels and restaurants. He became quite a fixture on the radio and when the talkies came into vogue was asked to record some numbers on Vitaphone. Even though he thought he was through forever with pictures, the galloping tintypes were not through with him.



An outstanding radio success, Rudy Vallee has come into pictures, where his magnetic voice and personality will first be starred in "The Vagabond Lover." This picture shows Rudy in one of his characteristic poses directing his orchestra.

WHEN Jack Smith whispered his captivating baritone love songs over Manhattan microphones a few seasons back he didn't realize the trail would lead to Hollywood and a starring contract with Fox. For months he was a volunteer artist on the lesser stations of New York but when he went to England he was a sensation, following up his broadcast work with a tour of the concert halls. So wide was his popularity there that one of the executives of the Fox organization brought him back to do a feature length talkie which has been completed at the west coast studios.

"CHICK" Bullock, one of the regular feature artists on WJZ in New York, was an assistant director in Hollywood until the studio lights affected his eyes and so impaired his sight he had to give up his movie career. Just when he was rather despondent about his future, radio officials discovered he had an excellent voice for broadcasting and he has been on the Manhattan station several times a week for the past few months.

LEO FEIST CO., one of the most important song publishers has added Tiffany pictures to the theme song list it is printing. Mae Murray's song numbers in "Peacock Alley" are among the American releases which this company has on its present schedule.

THIRTY years ago Congressman Sol Bloom was an ambitious young song writer. But then his thoughts turned to politics and he had for remembrance only a song *Sun Dance,* the folly of his musical youth. Not long ago he visited a theater in Washington and there on the program in a Fanchon and Marco unit was included his own brain child. When a capitol station heard it was a Congressman's composition the selection was broadcast.

IN the Broadway era of Harry Cohn's life he, too, was in the song publishing business. Not only did he plug hits but he even wrote them and it looked like Tin Pan Alley would hold him for its own when he went movie and now is vice-president in charge of production at the Columbia Pictures Hollywood Studio.

SO, even in the early days before radio and movies had any apparent kinship there were the ties that bind. And now with television experimentally achieved and commercially on its way, with the talkies dependent upon microphones and sound equipment for its recording and with an involved interchange of ownership and management and an exchange of talent the two industries are closely allied. And really there are "Movies in the Air."

IN THE early days before radio and the films had gotten together there was a feeling of antagonism on the part of the older industry. Picture producers feared that radio would keep people at home when otherwise they might be spending their money at box offices.

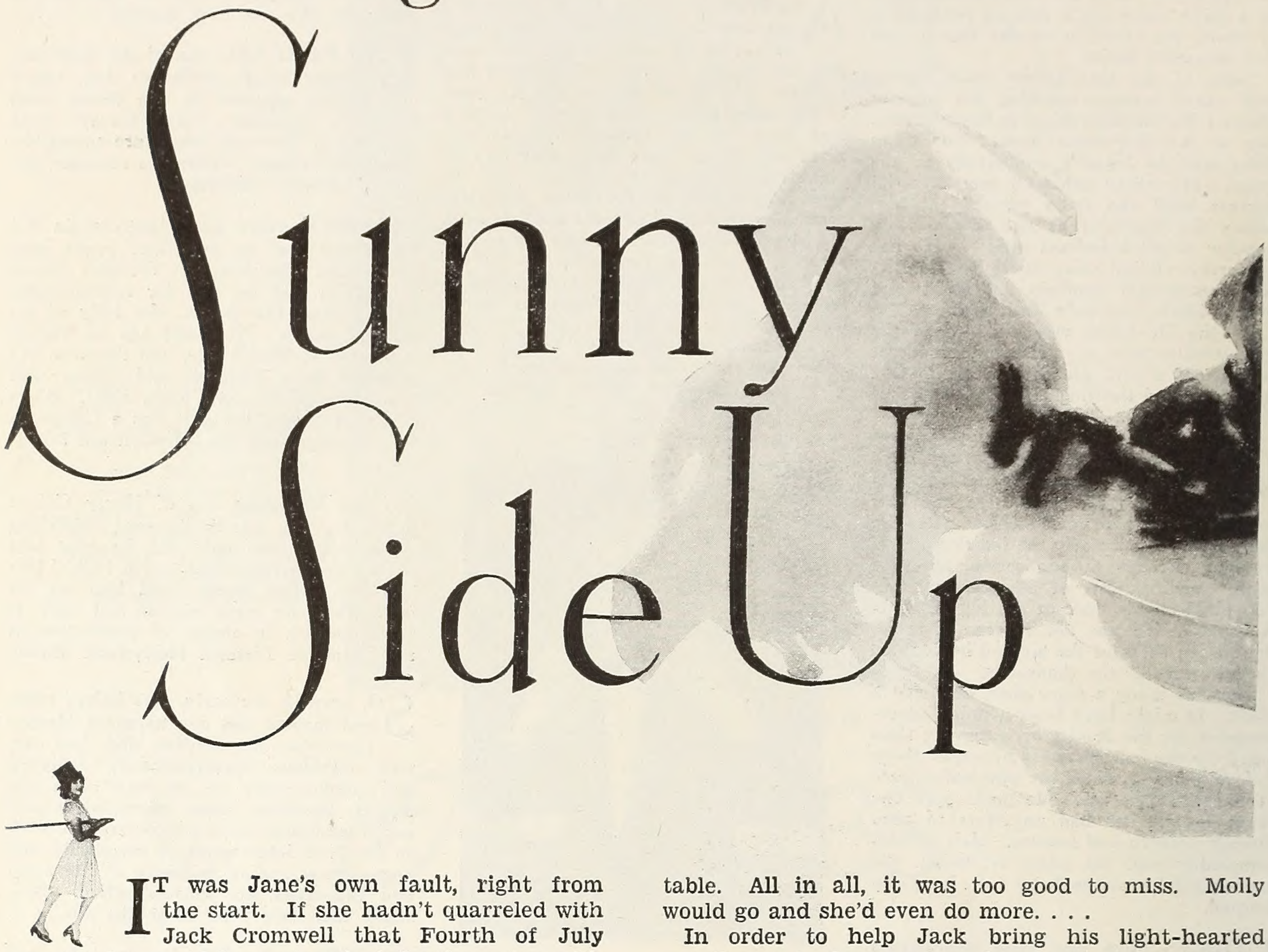
The Capitol Theater in New York City was the first to recognize the value of a tie-up. While other movie houses were looking with fear and distress at the broadcasters, Major Edward Bowes and S. L. Rothafel made a connection with WEAF. The Capitol was the first theater in the world to send entertainment into the air by remote control direct from the theater.

Roxy, as Mr. Rothafel is better known, made his international reputation through his radio activities. Seven years ago the Capitol inaugurated the initial experiment and the returns were so satisfying the radio program became a regular weekly feature. On every Sunday night since the premier broadcast, entertainment has been carried by the ether waves from the big Capitol building. Artists who are now well-known in the films and on the stage got their first fan following from their broadcast under the guidance of Roxy.

As far away as the South Seas, in remote villages of Scotland, in Africa, in fact, all over the world, people first heard about Broadway movies during the Capitol family hour.

An Original Movietone

Sunny Side Up



IT was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that block party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing table. All in all, it was too good to miss. Molly would go and she'd even do more. . . .

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor

THE Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody — and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother . . .?

IT is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.

(ADVT.)

Talking Romance

Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until . . . . . .

BUT we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and "Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!

David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents.

Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.

All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.

(ADVT.)

CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

Twenty-one years! What progress! From the seedling whose roots gathered nourishment from a multitude of nickelodeons has grown the mighty tree of today whose branches have spread to cover all lands and all peoples—bearing a universal fruit of entertainment, of comfort and of education.

And now the talkies! More progress! The workers in the land of the flashing screen are truly keeping step with the advance of civilization. In appreciation of the untiring efforts of that army of men and women who with diligent care nurtured the seedling of twenty-one years ago, I dedicate this poem:

In Retrospect

The movies are of age at last;
They're twenty-one, I hear,
Since first upon the screen they cast
The plays of yester-year.

The *Mirror* and the old *Bijou*
On Main Street's gay white way,
Were movies that they took me to
In times of yesterday.

Two gun-men and the slap-stick art
Shared each their equal right;
Mixed cries and laughter formed a part
In shows of yester-night.

At age of twenty-one, 'tis true,
The movies learn to speak.
A far cry from the old *Bijou*
In the days of yester-week.

Harrington Barrus,
340 Ferndale Avenue,
Birmingham, Michigan.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Having spent most of the twenty-four years of my married life in a series of mining towns away from the city and the people I had always known, the movies were nothing less than a God-send to me. They took me for the time back to places and people I loved.

It was not exactly the sex appeal (set forth by Dr. Watson) that was the safety valve in my case. Sometimes it was the living room of a modern home, sometimes a lovely gown, and often just a new hair cut that saved the day for me.

When the talkies arrived we had moved to a better location, but my first thought was for those women who, like myself, had listened for years to a jargon they couldn't understand, or to broken English that grated on raw nerves.

How wonderful not only to see the pictures but to hear refined, cultured voices speaking one's own language!

Mrs. J. E. Boyer,
Salineville, Ohio.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes January 10, 1929. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

The fans confess an understandable affection for Janet Gaynor.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

'The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on——' So with the moving picture. To appreciate the appeal of the moving picture, one needs perspective—a long view.

With two older brothers I saw my first picture, "The Moving Magic Lantern," in 1895. The screen was wavery, the actors were wobbly, but we thought it very wonderful. We saw it as a novelty as we had seen the arc lights at a circus in 1878 and heard the phonograph-nickel-in-the-slot at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

One brother went North to search for gold, the other went East to teach. The next time we met, we went to see "The Miracle Man." There we sat—one brother a grizzled old 'sourdough,' tough as hide and hard as nails, sniffing like a two-year old, tears rolling down his cheeks. The other, a staid university professor, adding superlatives to absolutes as recklessly as any freshman.

"Betty," said my brother from the North, vigorously blowing his nose, "remember 'The Moving Magic Lantern?' "

"Elizabeth," said my brother from the East, wiping his rimless glasses, "Betty Compson is a thing of beauty and a joy for—well, if not forever, for as long as memory lasts!"

Elizabeth McLean Andrews,
227 East 46th Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

A few months ago I was ready to shed tears when I read that the producers were letting our favorites of the old days go and replacing them with all stage talent. But there has been no such revolution after all. In fact, in many cases the talkies have enhanced the value of our old friends—Bessie Love, Lila Lee, Richard Arlen, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, many others.

It's a fifty-fifty proposition! A stage actor may know how to use his voice better, but this is offset by the camera training of the film actor. Scarcely any actors have failed because of poor voices in comparison with those who have been left behind because they lacked screen magnetism.

There are many items, to my mind, which count more for the success of an actor than a wonderful voice. His intelligence, his personality and the way he uses it, and we must not forget the tremendous sympathetic response called forth by effective lines.

Smashing hits have been made by individuals in both factions, but I believe that any actor or actress scoring a big success must have that elusive IT quality, whether you want to define it as that or not.

Elizabeth G. Winter,
13 Westlake Avenue,
Auburn, N. Y.

A Veteran Speaks

We are wondering what part the moving picture industry plays in helping disabled veterans. We do not see the actors and actresses often, but we love and admire each and every one as they come to visit us by way of the screen.

We are not in a position to criticize, we leave that to those who view them with more critical eyes than ours. But we do hold a place for them all in our hearts and hope some day it will be possible for some of the actors to visit their silent army of well-wishers and boosters.

R. N. Seel,
U. S. Veteran's Hospital,
Livermore, Cal.

'The miracle girl,' Betty Compson, has a loyal following, augmented by her talkie technique.

Screen Satisfies Need

In everyone's heart there are certain secret and cherished ideals. No matter how drab or prosaic a person may appear, within him there lies suppressed emotions which would, if it were possible, express themselves in a blood-quickening adventure, a beautiful romance, or an accomplishment of great deeds.

To most of us these are impossible, perhaps because of duty, lack of opportunity, or some necessary factor in our make-up. So it is to the screen that we turn for expression, and there we find our emotional satisfaction, experienced by proxy, it is true, but satisfying none the less.

John T. Rood, Jr.,
Gellineau Street,
Malden, Mass.

Occasional Silent Pictures

'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.' This has been proven true by the advent of talking pictures. I do not believe however, that this applies to the stars themselves. I think rather that it will be a case of the survival of the fittest.

Speaking pictures provide variety to suit the tastes of all the fans. There are the sophisticated comedies, such as "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," uproarious comedies such as "The Cocoanuts," and "Nothing but the Truth" offers still another brand of humor.

There's no denying that sitting tensely, listening for every word, sets one's nerves on edge. I, for one, seldom leave the theater after seeing a talking film without a slight headache and nervous fatigue, and I have heard this complaint from others. But as the mechanism of the talkie machine is perfected step by step no doubt this trouble will be overcome.

The talkies will never have the soothing effect of the old silent pictures. As the former become more familiar the latter will become quaint and charming. Though I'm all for the talkies I do hope that the producers will give us occasional silent pictures to soothe tired nerves.

Miss Una B. Cowan,
1155 Burnaby St.,
Vancouver, B. C.

The Talkies Did It!

I've always firmly contended that I'd rather 'save my movie money, put it together at the end of the month and see one good show.' I preferred the stage for such reasons as Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chatterton, Basil Rathbone, Richard Bennett, Irene Bordoni, and on down the list of real artists.

Now, however, a miracle has happened. I can get what I want in the movies and without having to save and wait.

"Broadway Melody," to which I was literally dragged, converted me. I saw it twice. Five other talkies have strengthened conversion. "Old Arizona," in which Warner Baxter's voice had the same effect on me as a marvelous Hollywood Bowl Symphony; "The Letter," in which Jeanne Eagels did the very finest bit of acting I've ever witnessed; "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," in which Basil Rathbone charmed as he did in his "Command to Love" on the stage; "Interference," in which William Powell came to the front with a bang; and "Salute" in which George O'Brien, Helen Chandler and the complete cast were so exceptionally good it would be difficult to divide honors.

"In Old Arizona" established Warner Baxter once and for all as a great screen favorite.

If these talkies are a sample of what is to come, then I'm for them — now and forever!

Betty Winnder Fajen,
329½ S. Rampart Blvd.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Silent Drama Preferred

Your honor page gives me much concern for players who might have graced it, had they been gifted with the tricks of speech which talking films demand. Excellent artists have been 'benched' because of this defect, while third-raters have risen from obscurity over night. That the stage is gradually taking control of the screen and that public imagination has been captured by the sudden trend of events is obvious.

Although many fans have voted in favor of the talkies, I am in a position to state that the talkies never will replace the silent drama. For instance, in the English speaking world, much of the American wit and humor is not understood—words used here are termed slang outside the U. S. A. Talkies turned into silent pictures for the benefit of non-English speaking countries will be a failure because the talking slows up the production. The theme songs sung by movie favorites with Vitaphone accompaniments are holding public imagination more out of curiosity than anything else.

I am waiting for this bubble to burst, so we can get back to the silent drama with its beautiful sub-titles, accompanied by the soothing strains of organ or orchestral music—which is far more natural.

William Donnachie,
1530 North St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Betty Compson, Artist!

Long ago, when just a little girl who thought she was a big girl, I went to see Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man." Tom Meighan was fine, Lon Chaney clever —but Betty Compson! I longed then for the day when I could know her as real. The day came, and it left me with joy in my heart and a sob in the throat.

In "On With the Show," I knew Betty Compson as real. Her voice reaches out to one, holds one. To call her an actress seems unjust. She doesn't act, she lives her part, giving the finished portrayal of the artist.

To my mind, there is no comparison between the silent and talking movie. The first is just a moving-picture. The latter is reality.

Mrs. J. P. Cummings,
Main Street,
Succasunna, N. J.

Honolulu Speaks

Way out here in the Pacific where the calm blue sea washes the shores of an island filled with enchantment, there are cinema lovers who love and dream of the players who make the world happy with their appearance on the silver screen.

When we see these players we love them, laugh with them, cry with them. Always they keep aflame that candle of love in our hearts. Here in Honolulu we have accepted the talkies and have had the joy and wonder of hearing our loved ones speak and sing before us.

Sammie C. Elissary,
Shop 70,
Pearl Harbor, Oahu.

Corinne Griffith's admirers find much to applaud and appreciate in "The Divine Lady."

SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE

She was born with beauty and a sense of humor. And she has the good sense to retain the former and develop the latter! With the result that after a long apprenticeship playing routine heroines she has worked her way to genuine stardom and real popularity

It is SCREENLAND'S *sincere conviction that no other star could have played the picturesque* Marianne *as pungently as Marion Davies.*

The Palm to Marion Davies for "Marianne"! Altogether, Now — Give this Clever Girl a Round of Applause

Marion Davies has arrived. "The Fair Co-Ed" and "The Patsy" established her as a clever comedienne; but it remained for "Marianne," her first talking picture, to present her as a versatile actress, a player of power and poignancy. Not merely 'cute' and 'sweet,' but potent and important

The rôle of Marianne *was not sugar-coated. Marion played it realistically, disdaining affectations. It's not Marion Davies—but* Marianne!

Portraits of Miss Davies by Ruth Harriet Louise

Ruth Harriet Louise

A Marion Christmas!

It does look like it, what with Miss Davies' first talkie creating a polite sensation just about the time that the Yuletide spirit permeates her audiences. Marion is a gay and gallant Miss Santa Claus, and if your own seasonal shopping seems endless, consider the Christmas list of this girl who has more friends than any one in Hollywood!

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

WELL, it's all settled. There is no longer any argument about motion pictures. They're *in!*

Einstein says it. Yes, the gentleman who understands the theory of relativity—in fact, he invented it. One of the world's foremost scientists has extolled motion pictures as a great art!

Einstein in Europe cabled his friend, Professor Roerich, in New York upon the occasion of the opening of the latter's 'art' cinema that "motion pictures have no equal in training the child—that the art cinema can serve the cause of universal peace by presenting the horrors of war to a greater advantage than ordinary pictures." That's the only thing Einstein ever wrote that I can understand.

¶ William Fox has finished his first twenty-five years of moving picture work. One of the great figures in the industry, he started with a capital of $1,666, and now he has amassed a fortune which he himself acknowledges is 'tremendous.' All because he knows what the public wants to see—and to hear. His 'Movietone Follies' is now in its 14th week in Stockholm, Sweden—the original English (that is to say, Hollywood!) version, which is probably understood by comparatively few of the customers. His Movietone has penetrated to Greece where, in Athens, the 100% Movietone sound policy has proven a great success—with dialog entirely in English! Fox has inaugurated an all-newsreel policy at the Embassy Theater on Broadway, New York, where, for the first time in film history, fiction films will be passed up for authentic camera reporting. An interesting experiment. And now let's see what Mr. Fox has to say for himself. At an age—50—where many men would be ready to retire or, at least, to spend the rest of their lives resting on gilt-edged laurels, William Fox has formulated three ambitions. They are important to him. They all center around the one subject—Education. Education in the schools, education in religion, and education in the sciences. He contends that the talking screen can further the worthy purposes of education more effectively than any other medium. He says: "The eye is the short cut to the brain, and pictures will supply a short cut to education. Old fogies will resent the idea, as old Egypt would have resented a change from hieroglyphics to our kind of writing. If I have done anything worth while, it has been enabling millions of other Americans to see and learn a great deal in a short time." Furthermore, this man who controls the largest amusement organization in the world concludes that he hopes to accomplish his three ambitions in 'not more than five years.' Bravo, Mr. Fox!

¶ Sound has focussed our attention on the short subject. Once, of course, all movies were 'short subjects.' When a producer first appeared with a three-reel subject, the exhibitors of the day were so startled that they ran it as a serial, one reel the first night, another the second night, and the concluding reel the third night. Today, the average feature runs from five or six reels to von Stroheim length. And nobody complains.

But the short subject is still with us. Those short and snappy two-reel comedies that add just the right smart touch to a theater program are very much present. In all-dialog form, these comedies supply a genuine demand for crisp, sparkling action to supplement the heavier feature. More than once it's the pint-sized part of the program that has turned out to be the real 'feature.' Often, too, it's the Mack Sennett 'curtain raiser' that puts the audience in good humor and hospitable frame of mind to receive the melodrama or musical comedy that comes after. Any theater, anywhere, is a New York Palace when it can give its customers a dash of big-time vaudeville, an operatic aria, or a rousing comedy. I wouldn't mind seeing an entire program of short features—particularly if they were all as entertaining as "A Hollywood Star" which I saw the other day. The Educational Mack Sennett has given us the first talkie burlesque, and it has all the good, strong flavor of the old classic Sennetts in addition to the kick that only sound can add.

¶ Doug Fairbanks may be going elephant-hunting with a Maharajah in the interior of India; and that old wag Rin Tin Tin may be making his first talkie; but what really excites me is the report that Emil Jannings is coming back to Hollywood soon to make two more pictures.

D. E.

NOW *and*

What a Whale of a Difference Just a Few Years Make!

Marion Davies. Above, today; right, as she looked in the days before she became the screen's leading comedienne. Discounting the change in styles, Marion is younger and prettier than ever, the princess of piquancy.

One of Norma Shearer's chief charms is her sleek, beautifully-shaped aristocratic little head. Her slick coiffure helps her to achieve the effect. That's why Norma looks so different now from her old self, shown in the lower picture at the right.

Left: Lewis Stone, twice! Mr. Stone as he looked when he first made a success on the screen; and, extreme left, as he looks right now. It should be noted that the immaculate Lewis no longer poses with the Lord Byron collar effect. Here indeed is a matinée idol whose appeal has strengthened with the years.

THEN

These Stars have Grown Up—and For the Better, Too!

Bebe Daniels was a cute kid then—above, to the left. But Bebe Daniels today—golden voice, gorgeous personality—is a much more potent proposition. That *for the good old days!*

When Joan Crawford made her movie debut she was known as Lucille Le Seur, left, below. And she had long fluffy hair and considerable curves. Metro changed her name to Joan Crawford, and she changed her figure to the elegant model admired and envied today.

Well, well, Richard! Dix hasn't changed so much at that. When he first came into pictures he was the boyish young man pictured at the right. Now, he is the familiar hero of the farther picture. But it's the same old smile that people pay and pay to see. His latest? "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

THEY'RE ONLY

Closeups of as They

By Betty

Gary Cooper, off-duty, forgets he is important and clowns around.

The famous young Fairbankses—Joan with her frank freckles and Doug Jr. with his broad grin—act less like prominent picture stars than a couple of high-school kids.

WHEN the movies first began elevating school-girls, clerks, salesmen, chorus girls and cloak models from social and financial obscurity to the opulence of stardom, it was a quaint old Hollywood custom to put on plenty of swank and whatnot.

In those days a star never stepped outside of his or her palatial domicile without a brass band walking ahead for the regal procession. Automobiles had to be at least a block long and came in only two colors: fire engine red or canary yellow. Press-agents built pedestals sky-high upon which to perch their clients, and biographical nightmares were ground out in reams. Ancestries fell from mythical family trees like over-ripe fruit in a neglected orchard.

The lady star never bathed except in champagne or milk or a million dollar pool. She ate only robins' breast for breakfast, served upon platinum platters. Her new evening wrap was designed especially for her by Poiret and cost $250,000. Or something like that!

The man star was a modern Hercules and took his morning exercises at 5 A.M. in his onyx swimming pool in which only pure vichy water, shipped from Baden-Baden was used. Beautiful countesses were wont to duel over him whenever he visited the Riviera and he was reported engaged to more celebrated women than he ever heard of personally.

And the lady vamp! Born in the shadow of the sphinx! Her early life shrouded in mystery. Solitary in her habits, unapproachable—or if she condescended to be seen in one of her less temperamental moments, surrounded by an atmosphere of luxury, rare perfumes, dim lights,

Can this be the great, the glamourous Garbo? Yes, even Greta has her frivolous moments when she isn't vamping till heady.

HUMAN!

the Stars— *Really* Are

Boone

clothed in clinging garments—a setting subtly planned to add to the lure of her mystery.

But alas! Today motion picture stars are different. They are themselves. They are human beings who do the very same things in the very same way that other human beings do.

Press-agents tell the truth—not the whole truth, perhaps—but the truth, anyway. Stars will ride in flivvers and enjoy it. They will shop in the market that sells potatoes five pounds for a quarter instead of the place where you only get four pounds. They have likes and dislikes and are not perfect. Some are old meanies and have bad tempers. Some are just low-brows and can't help it. Others are high-brows and can't help that, either!

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, in their old clothes—and happy!

Water sports! Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian have to doll up for the camera but when they have a day off they neglect their marcels and have a good time.

Richard Arlen may be a star at the studio, but he is just a handy-man around the house, the Arlen place at Toluca Lake.

It wasn't so very long ago that Lew Cody was urged to 'throw' a dinner party for a flock of newspapermen and writers and was tickled with the idea.

"And what are we having for dinner?" the original sponsor asked on the night of the big party.

"Corned beef and cabbage!" replied Lew.

"What?" groaned the studio attache weakly. "A cheap meal like that?"

"Cheap nothing!" said Lew. "I paid 34 cents a pound for the best corned beef in the market. It's my favorite meal and if it's good enough for me, it's good enough for my guests and anyway, I don't want to pose in front of a lot of regular boys as a high-brow when I'm not and they know it!"

Today, Lew's corned beef and cabbage dinners are famous. Stars beg for invitations and the newspaper gang invite themselves regularly. (*Continued on page* 100)

Will PICTURES *bring*

By Rosa Reilly

Marceau

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovich, cousin and brother-in-law of the late Czar of Russia, and distinguished author and lecturer, tells SCREENLAND *his views on the high mission of the screen.*

"THE moving picture is the greatest force in the world," says the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, "for helping to bring universal peace to all nations and to teach each man on earth the true meaning of Love."

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovich, cousin and brother-in-law of the late Nicholas Second, Czar of all the Russias, was sitting unattended in a comfortable arm chair in his suite at the Ritz Hotel, New York, explaining the purpose of his American lecture tour to SCREENLAND'S representative.

Previously, as I had stepped out of the elevator on my way towards the Grand Duke's rooms, I could not realize that I was about to speak with a man whose steps had echoed down the marble stairs of the Winter Palace. A man whose lips had brushed the hands of nearly every Queen and Princess in Europe. A man who had married the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovina, the eldest sister of the Czar, siring six noble sons and one gentle daughter. A man who during the holocaust of the world war had complete charge of the aviation forces of the ill-fated Russian Empire. A man who had for many years lived in the inner circle of the head of a nation of two hundred million people. A man who had been honored and hunted, distinguished and doomed. A man who now has given up leisure and riches to visit many lands, and like any circuit rider in the early days of our own country, to go from town to town helping the people to a better understanding of the religion of Love.

As I knocked at the door of the suite, I expected to be received by a secretary or a valet. Instead an exceedingly tall, exceedingly slender, exceedingly gentle-spoken man, opened the door. The first thing I noticed about him was the breadth between his eyes and the height of his forehead. He was simply dressed in a gray lounge suit, a white linen shirt with a soft collar, a black tie fastened down with a gold safety pin, and gray silk and wool stockings. His feet were thrust into comfortable leather, soft-soled slippers. He held a cigarette holder in his hand. It was the Grand Duke!

We sat down. He offered cigarettes.

I could not draw my eyes away from his features. The spiritual cast of his long lean face was broken by the magnetism of his eyes, the strength of his large well-formed nose, and the worldly understanding of his wide, generous mouth. I had heard that the Grand Duke was sixty-four years old. But he gives the physical impression of a man of forty-five, despite the fact that he has undergone tragedies which would have destroyed a weaker man—or a man of no spiritual understanding.

"Although I am not a moving picture—fan, do you say"?—the Grand Duke continued, "still I believe films are the greatest power in the world for spreading the love of nation for nation, of brother for brother. As I look back I see the good accomplished by that magnificent picture 'Ben Hur.' By 'Intolerance.' And by 'The Miracle Man.' Perhaps 'The King of Kings' comes in the same category. But I could not bear to look at it. It hurt me to see a physical embodiment of the Saviour, even though from a dramatic viewpoint it was well done.

WORLD PEACE?

Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, whom Valentino first Interested in Motion Pictures, Believes they can be Great Force for Good

These pictures gave me the hope that perhaps on my lecture tour west, when I stop in Hollywood, I may be able to discuss with Mary Pickford—who is herself a spiritual woman—the probabilities of a motion picture which through its beauty and truth would show the world the Religion of Love."

Carefully the Grand Duke flecked his ashes into a bronze ash tray and carried on: "I am not in America in the interest of any political faction. I am not come to weave any economic web of my own. I want only one thing—to help all people who at this time, as never before, are seeking a remedy for the ills of a material world. My audiences are like electric lamps standing dull and dark in a dark and dull room. The current is there; they have only to turn the switch. But they don't know how. For this switch is faith. And they cry as in the Bible—'I believe. Help my unbelief.'

"They are starving in a rich world. They need a living food. A living faith. At my lectures I speak for an hour and a half without any intermission. And still they sit. They won't go home. But I offer no dead creed. No new and formal religion. I have only love—of brother for brother.

"Of course, now, there are those who will rise and say: 'Why did you not start in your own country before the revolution? Your people needed Love.'

"And those people are right. My countrymen needed love. And I tried to give it to them. Just as did Czar Nicholas, my wife's brother, He realized the need of his people. He was himself a gentle, loving man. But he was powerless. He had no love for autocracy. He did not want to rule that vast empire. He wanted to live the simple life of a simple country gentleman with the wife and the children he adored. But he was called to his high place. And he did what he could.

"But think what responsibilities he had. He ruled over a country more than twice as large in area as the United States proper. Under his authority were two hundred million souls—one ninth of all the people in the world. Eleven different countries he had to protect, eleven different frontiers to guard.

"Nor was that all. These two hundred millions were perhaps the strangest mixtures the world has ever seen. They possessed elements of continental civilization and partook at the same time of all the wildness of Russian steppes and Asiatic plains. It has only been two hundred years since Peter the Great died in 1725—Peter the Great who re-organized Russia on a European basis, acquired the Baltic provinces and founded St. Petersburg.

"When Czar Nicholas the Second came to head the empire, he did not have a unified nation. His people consisted of sixty million Muscovites; eighteen million Cossacks, Ruthenians and Ukrainians; five millions of what were termed White Russians; and the rest were Finns, Mongols, Poles, Turks, Tatars, Armenians, Kurds, Persians, Roumanians, Georgians, Gypsies, Esquimaux, Yakuts, as well as Germans and Jews. To bring a constructive government out of this chaos was beyond the power of one man.

"But I am not here to discuss politics or ethnology. I am here for a lecture tour, at (Continued on page 96)

The Grand Duke, Rudolph Valentino's friend, believed the late star to be a true spiritual type. This bust of the beloved Rudy is by Humberto Pedretti, Italian sculptor.

RUDY VALLEE'S

Tune in on Rudy Vallee's Radio! You Can if You Write the Best Letter and Win his Gift Offering

Rudy Vallee himself, sans saxophone or megaphone! He won his public first through radio and victrola records; now he increases his following through his films.

Rudy and Sally Blane, his leading lady, in a scene from "The Vagabond Lover," his first feature picture for Radio Pictures.

RUDY and the radio are fast friends; in fact, the radio gave Rudy his break, and now Rudy gives you a break by offering the gift for a letter. And the best letter answering his question will win it. Here's the question: What is your favorite Rudy Vallee Victrola record and why? By this method Vallee can find out what type of song you prefer, and since he writes some of his own music it will help him greatly. Now take out your pen or typewriter and get to work! By best letter is meant, the clearest and most sincere. Heigh-ho, everybody!

Address:—RUDY VALLEE

SCREENLAND Contest Department

49 West 45th Street

New York City

Contest closes February 10, 1930

Rudy Vallee's voice is something to write about, so get busy! You've heard him croon his songs and must have a favorite Vallee number. Which song would you request Rudy to sing for you and why? Is it *Vagabond Lover, Honey,* or *S'posin'*? Tell him briefly and clearly in your letter.

Here are the titles of the fifteen double-faced autographed Victor records which you will receive with the radio:

Weary River; Deep Night. Sweet Suzanne; Honey. Lover Come Back to Me; Coquette. By and By, Sweetheart; My Time is Your Time. Underneath the Russian Moon; The One that I Love. I'm Just a Vagabond Lover; I'm Still Caring. Every Moon's a Honeymoon; Hugable Kissable You. S'posin'; The One in the World. Heigh! Everybody, Heigh-Ho; Miss You. Baby, Oh, Where Can You Be; You're Just Another Memory. Pretending; Where are you, Dream Girl. Me Queres; On the Alamo. That's When I Learned to Love You; A Kiss to Remember. Perhaps; The Album of My Dreams. You Want Lovin' But I Want Love; Lonely Troubadour.

Gift *of* Song

Rudy Vallee and his SCREENLAND *gift. This handsome electric Victor Radio and combination orthophonic victrola — Model RE-45 — and fifteen double-faced autographed Rudy Vallee records are yours for writing the best letter.*

Rudy is very enthusiastic about talking pictures and says if you enjoy his picture, "The Vagabond Lover," as much as he enjoyed making it it should be a huge success.

SCREENLAND speaking! We are broadcasting Rudy Vallee's latest offering, so tune in! A handsome electric Victor Radio—a combination orthophonic and radio—model RE-45, and a set of fifteen double-faced autographed Rudy Vallee Victor records is Mr. Vallee's characteristic gesture to his new-found fan friends.

Rudy Vallee is a new movie idol. You've all heard him sing and know that when he sings a song it's *sung!* And how he sings in "The Vagabond Lover!"

If you win this gift you can have 'Rudy Vallee Night' any night whether he's broadcasting or not. Vallee fans clamored for one autographed record—here's your chance to get fifteen, and that's no mean record!

Rudy tuning in on the gift radio. Believe it or not—that's Greta Garbo at Rudy's feet—on a SCREENLAND *cover, of course! Rudy is a very busy boy; when he isn't writing music he's broadcasting, or making talking pictures, besides playing nightly at theaters and night clubs.*

CAN BEAUTY

The Story of Sylvia, whose Job is to Help the Stars Keep Beautiful

By Gray Strider

An unsung heroine of Hollywood, Sylvia Ulbeck, who is as important to pictures as the stars themselves.

EVERY now and then an artist is born. An artist who paints no pictures, writes no verse, shapes no clay, and sings no song. But an artist nevertheless. An artist who moulds human beings, keeping them young and warm and beautiful. Such an one is Sylvia Ulbeck. Sylvia of the magnetic hands and lusty laughter. Tiny, golden-haired, pretty Sylvia who keeps the film beauties of Hollywood fit.

You've never heard of her?

Well, that's not so strange. Sylvia does her work in the wings of life, not on the open stage. Quietly, absorbingly, hour after hour, Sylvia works over her clientele—the most glamourous clientele in the world. For most of Hollywood's greater stars are numbered among her 'babies,' as she calls her patients.

Gloria Swanson, Alice White, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, Eleanor Boardman, Ina Claire, Ann Harding, Marion Davies, Laura La Plante—what's the use of going on? Nearly every one of the stars you love has passed through the magnetic hands of Sylvia Ulbeck, the little magician from far over the seas from Copenhagen, Denmark.

Sylvia hasn't a long string of degrees after her name. But that doesn't keep her from being under contract to the Pathé company at a salary of $400 a week, where her job is to help the stars keep healthy and beautiful, and the directors and executives well and full of pep.

How does she do this? With stringent diets, copious medicines and monotonous exercises?

Not a chance. Sylvia doesn't admit a drop of medicine, will not permit any freak diets, and does not inflict any exercises.

How then?

With her hands and her laughter alone.

Mrs. Ulbeck graduated as a nurse before she was twenty. Then she became a masseuse. But first of all she was and is a humorist. However, let her tell the story her own way, although I can never hope to transcribe for you her accent. Having studied in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, and England, every time

Sylvia moulds the stars to beauty. Here she is with Carol Lombard, one of her 'babies,' in her office which is lined with appreciative autographed pictures of the stars she has helped.

be HAND-MADE?

she opens her mouth you catch familiar sounds from all languages.

"I am," says Sylvia, "a humoristic person. The first time I go to see a client I must make her laugh. If I can't, then I'm no good.

"My treatments are simple. I give five kinds: nerve, gland, heart stimulation, colon and facial. But we speak here only of the simplest.

"I place my patient—head towards the foot of the bed. I take off the clothes. I look her over. I see first if the heart is good. If so, I begin. 'Ummm!' I say to myself, 'here is a bit of extra flesh on the hips that you don't need at all. We take that off!' So! I put that person through the ropes. If they are not good sports and can't stand little punishment—yes, punishment, for eating too many sweets, for not exercising—I will not treat them. They must do as I say. So I knead, like bread. I hammer. I circulate blood so muscles draw up tight, and flabby conditions are corrected. I do not stretch. I keep muscles firm—what you say—taut. I go over every part of the body but the stomach. After forty minutes or an hour have gone by, according to how much the person needs me, I commence on the face.

Ina Claire Gilbert is a real comedienne. "That marriage will last," declares Sylvia.

"First I clean it with pure mineral oil cream which I make in my bath tub at home.

"Then gently, very gently, I tap the nerve centers. No pulling massage. No hot towels. *Gott nein!* Hot towels for good and all are out! I apply my massage cream. Not cream really. It's a combination of almond oil, oil of roses, and clover oil. Next, I wash face with my face wash. Then I put on my astringent. This acts as powder base. (*Continued on page* 94)

"Gloria Swanson," says Sylvia, "is really a princess, a little aristocrat — reserved, dignified, temperamental, lovely." Gloria is another of Sylvia's prized 'babies.'

Alice White, right, is one of Sylvia's pet stars. Alice was a Peter Rabbit person before Sylvia took her in hand; and now she is slim, clear-cut, graceful! 'Hollywood Girl' herself, in person!

HOLLYWOOD HOLDS

The Screen Favorites have their Encounter with the

Little Bessie Love was thrown into competition with stage celebrities in "Broadway Melody"—and she stole the show!

counter-march. This time it is the stage folk, and not those who have been used to walking the ties from tank to tank, but the real rococo actors and actresses of Broadway.

The reason for the up-and-down-hill parade is exactly the one that motivated the authors—the wage is alluring but the goods delivered don't fit.

"Why?" you ask. "Aren't the talkies just the same as a stage performance?" Only in spots and not at all in technic.

Some day Hollywood may get it into its excited young head that the motion picture, silent or audible, is a distinct and separate art with its own syntax, punctuation and methods of expression. The authors have learned it. Sam Merwin told me frankly after a six months' trial at Lasky's that he didn't believe he could ever master the technic of motion pictures. Maybe, some day, the producers will get hep!

In the meantime we have been noting the thrill of terror that runs through the hearts of old screen favorites as they contemplate the invasion of Big Broadway Names that are here to take their jobs away from them.

We noted the same 'scare psychology' ten years ago among the scenario writers when all the big literary authors arrived. At that time Jeanie MacPherson, C. Gardner Sullivan and Jack Cunningham were no

Charles Farrell has developed a singing voice and takes his chances with the trained juveniles from Broadway.

The Noble King of France,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up a hill one day
And he marched them down again.

THAT ridiculous military maneuver happened in the long ago, but history is ever repeating the performance.

Perhaps you remember the march of the 'imminent authors' and how at the siren call of Sam Goldwyn that immortal battalion marched out to California to write stories for the screen, did a couple of scenario flip-flops, and then marched back again. Most of the marchers felt—and said (oh, how they said it!)—that they had been wretchedly treated in Movieland. But on the other hand very few of them wrote a screen story that was worth a penny a foot.

Now we are witnessing another march and

Mrs. Rob Wagner, whose distinguished husband wrote in "They Had to See Paris" establishes her as a

HER OWN

Emerged Victorious from Battalions of Broadway

By Rob Wagner

doubt tossing on their pillows. For who were they?—mere Hollywood names. Not one of them had ever written a best-seller or even a second-best-seller. Yet after the storm passed they were still on the job and have been sitting very pretty ever since.

So we'll venture to predict the same thing will happen to old screen favorites, for stage folk, with few exceptions, are already beginning to flop. Their trouble, of course, is technical; they do not know, for instance, how to change the tempo of their action in relation to the distance from the camera. They do not know lighting and they do not know screen make-up. In fact there are thousands and thousands of tricks that old screen actors have learned through years of bitter experience of which they know nothing.

But ah, their voices! Stage actors have learned to speak their lines! Yes—for the stage. But not for the screen. On the stage they had to master the difficult technic of 'putting their lines over' the footlights so that they would reach the furthermost seats in the balconies. No such problem exists in the talkies, for the microphone, only a few feet from their mouths, so sensitive that it 'picks up' even their breathing, performs that service for them. That is why mere extras are constantly stealing scenes from famous actors with big, magnificent voices.

An old-new favorite—'old' because she started as a child star— Lila Lee is an outstanding success in talking pictures.

Colman! If you saw "Bulldog Drummond" you know that no stage actor can compete with Ronald in performance or popularity.

this article, and Irene Rich, whose notable performance talkie favorite, with their respective barkies.

Furthermore, the typical stage voice has become conventionalized. And whereas these conventions may be acceptable in the theater they become pompous and affected in ordinary conversation, and it is ordinary conversation that the talkies are trying to reproduce. Having been trained for years in precise and aggressively cultured diction, the actor has learned to talk—like an actor! Furthermore, with the necessity of over-emphasizing gesture—in order to 'get over' the footlights—they are too unctuous both in speech and pantomime for the screen. Last night I heard and saw a great stage star 'cawn'ting' and 'chawncing' all over the works and accompanying her theatrical diction and pronunciation with the most overacted gesturing, the falseness of her performance being emphasized by the under-acting and natural speech of a film-trained leading man playing opposite her.

Why, for instance, did Irene (Continued on page 92)

CLARA BOW

The Psychologist Thought: "What is There to Analyze?" But he Discovered that the Screen's Storm Center is a Fascinating Contradiction

Clara the extravert: vitality, optimism, a big dash of sensationalism, a good sport and pal, in one small package.

When I was first asked to make a psychoanalytic portrait of the irrepressible Clara Bow, I thought: What is there to analyze? I could hand her a permanent card marked 'Miss America Plus,' or 'Youth of the World XXth Century,' or, and entirely by way of compliment, 'Clara Bozo.' Vitality, optimism, a big dash of sensationalism, a quick play of changing emotions, an outdoor above-board quality, a good sport and pal, a beauty that is feminine in its softness but charged with a disturbing energy—she seems the very embodiment of modern American youth of the feminine variety. She is a go-getter, she puts herself across with a bang; everybody likes her; some young men go mad about her; she is a natural little boss; she is blessed with common sense; she is easy-going and an excellent mixer.

"We have her number," the great audience thinks. Who doesn't personally know someone like Clara Bow, a little American storm-center, making things fly, popping up parties, leading on adventures, the old gun-shooting hell-raising pioneer blood coming up to punish a cocktail or go lickety-split in a car in the dark, terrifying her male companion? If women have the upper hand in this nation—and some people think so—we could rename the country Bow-land, an apt description of a passing moment.

And yet such is the variability of human nature, that in the description above, I have only scratched the surface of Clara Bow's character. She has favored SCREENLAND with answers to a questionnaire, and here are some of the things she says about herself:

I am extremely self-conscious.
I am very shy.
I feel that I am misunderstood by most people.
I hate to be conspicuous in public.
I sometimes sulk.
I sometimes go by moods, prolonged for hours, even for days.
I like to be alone a good part of the time.
I am considered deep by others.
I am somewhat jealous.
I am easily in a tense condition.
I have a feeling of inferiority before others.

There is a fascinating contradiction here: a bold go-getter who is shy; a young woman who is a good mixer, a hale-fellow well-met, yet who is self-conscious and feels inferior; an easy-going beauty who is tense; a good sport to whom life is not a game but something serious and even harsh; someone liked by all, yet who feels misunderstood by most. In short, someone who puts herself down as 33 parts an introvert: that is, someone ill-adapted to the world, a dreamer rather than a doer, an inferiority feeling person; to 42 parts an extravert, one who is well-adapted, naturally active, and naturally successful. The numbers run close together: 9 parts more extraverted than introverted; that is, a complicated character whose nature pulls back just a little less than it strides forward; a fear that causes a crouching back and then a blazing leap toward its object; an inner conflict between don't do and do, between failure and conquest, between fear and courage.

Some time ago—too long ago to remember well—I read the autobiography of Clara Bow. It was sad, even though it was interesting reading. The trouble with autobiography is that we see ourselves through a mist of personal emotions, and the painter who knows how to make a likeness of himself is a rare one. Clara wept on her own shoulder, or the reader's and described her life as a tragic one, from the cradle on. She knew poverty, shabby clothes, and the sneers of her playfellows in Brooklyn; she knew disappointments in her struggle to rise from a non-entity to a world-famed star. It read like the life of Eleanore Duse, Sarah Bernhardt or Joan of Arc. Clara said she laughed so that she wouldn't cry, she jazzed to keep from sinking

Psycho-Analyzed

Clara the introvert: a complicated character whose nature pulls back just a little less than it strides forward.

By James Oppenheim

down in despair.

The facts didn't agree with this self-portrait. I saw the Irrepressible One in half a dozen pictures and I'm sure Clara couldn't fool the camera all of the time, nor the public either. She simply sizzled with an energy that swept all before it. Her laughter rang true. That delightful and even dazzling streak of toughness in her was racy, of the earth and of the times.

But I had the experience, just the other day, of seeing (and hearing) "Dangerous Curves." Then I saw that there was more in Clara Bow than we had thought before. She has developed remarkably, even in the space of a year: she is more truly an actress, she reveals a greater depth of character. She has all of the old bounce, impulsiveness and laughing energy; the blood of jazz runs in her veins; but she has revealed a fund of deep and moving tenderness, a passion that is strong and devastating, a new subtlety of action that is convincing. She was content in a good part of the show, of which she is the star, to remain a little in the shadows while the Kleig lights glared on Richard Arlen. The strain of self-sacrifice that ran through the part was more than a pose.

We may take it for granted then that Miss Bow's answers to the questionnaire were sincere, whether wholly accurate or not, and that they connect with the dark shadow that lay over her childhood. For a girl to be sneered at by her fellows, to have to wear shabby clothes often enough causes the inferiority complex, the feeling of being little, naked and no good, and hence tends to make the person somewhat introverted—withdrawing a bit from life, shy, hating unpleasant publicity, somewhat self-conscious. But this feeling of inferiority sometimes awakens a counter-feeling of extreme intensity. Just as fear and the feeling of helplessness often send a man into a rage, bringing up even an abnormal courage, so the feeling of inferiority sometimes brings up an 'I'll show them all yet' feeling, a burning ambition, a dream of changing shabbiness for splendor, of rising from a non-entity to a world-fame.

This is why the contradictions in Clara Bow's nature have brought her to the top, even the feeling of inferiority, of being unable to do it, bringing up powerful resources, reckless courage, an ability to overcome great odds, a laughter conquering tears. Or to put it technically, one with somewhat of the introvert in her who extraverts even more daringly and actively than the normal extravert. That is why I called her Miss America—Plus. The Plus comes from that vaulting ambition, that never-say-die recklessness.

Besides that, if I were to place Miss Bow as a type, I should say that she is, like most women, mainly guided by feeling, feeling being the leading function, but sensation running a close second. She is not only charming, delightful, sociable, quick in her judgments, all due to her developed feeling, but she has played sensation heavily, the sensuous element, the love of the spectacular, the itch to get a kick out of everything, the love of change and danger. Feeling is more quiet, as witness, say, the nature of Mary Pickford. Sensation uses the loudspeaker and puts on a wow of an act. It was by depending largely on sensation that Clara Bow put herself across, and kept over coming her fears and feeling of inferiority. But her recent development has been in the growth and maturing of her feeling and the evidence of more intuition.

If she can go on taking the "Dangerous Curves" as well as she did it in the picture, she will cease being merely Miss America, the Girl with IT, the reckless and beautiful sensationalist, she will become a rarely good actress, of unusual artistic power, with depth and understanding, winning a deeper affection in the public's heart. But she will always be Clara Bow, the spirit of youth; in a sense the American spirit which hardly knows how to spend all its overflowing (*Continued on page* 101)

Could YOU Pass

Passing the Combination of Screen and Talking Picture Makes the Well-Known

By Barton

First, the candidate, in this case Charlotte Henry, is interviewed by the director of the test department. If he says "Okay!" she is set for a test.

"FOR many are called but few are chosen!"

Passing the combination of screen and voice tests for a rôle in an all-talking production at a motion picture studio in Hollywood, makes the frequently mentioned acid test, by comparison, seem like child's play, or a Regent's examination a simple pushover.

Crashing the studio gate, guarded by an ice-cold attendant, is, comparatively speaking, an easy matter, but passing the 'combination'—*that's* a test.

The rigid and meticulously careful process of elimination is often heartbreaking, but, at the same time, it is most interesting. Let James Ryan, director of the test department at the Fox Studio, with twelve years of experience behind him, tell the story in his own way.

"There are several steps to be taken before the actual test is made," said Mr. Ryan. "First, the subject must be found. New faces must be located and we are constantly on the lookout for talent. My staff is always on the alert for screen prospects. We scan the faces of those we meet socially, those on the street, at the theater, in restaurants, hotels, even in church! We call our staff the Christopher Columbus Crew of Talent.

"We even have scouts searching and questing for the elusive spark. Directors, assistant directors, writers, attaches of the casting office, in fact, almost everybody on the lot are commissioned on our staff to keep their eyes and ears open.

"Character and personality is given more consideration than beauty, and the subject must have a voice that not only registers satisfactorily, but that can be trained or cultivated. Before the advent of all-talking pictures, the selection of possibilities was much easier than

Well, here she is. She got by! Charlotte is being made up for her camera test by the make-up expert—above.

Left: the test of tests! Old Man Camera and Mister Microphone are the judges while Charlotte Henry is put through her paces in the sound-proof gallery.

the Talkie Test?

Voice Test for a Rôle in an All-Acid Test Seem Like Child's Play!

Griffiths

it is now. Today, the applicant must possess the 'combination' of face and voice.

"By reason of my experience, we generally determine by an interview in my office if an applicant even has possibilities. Some are eliminated before they reach the testing stage. Quality of the voice, the comformity of the features and form, expression of the eyes or mouth and personality are the prime factors. Sometimes a defective eye will be offset by a pretty mouth or a marvelous personality will outweigh a photographic defect. Few people

How's your voice? Charlotte must keep hers in trim for daily instruction by Alice Kelly, voice teacher. Just one test after another!

are absolutely perfect. The law of compensation in face, figure and fashion has its play here also.

"For some reason, small girls like Janet Gaynor and Lois Moran possess more appeal than a girl of more robust stature. Some girls appear quite ordinary, but on the screen they are transformed. It seems as if their spirit shines out under the camera's eye and the mike's ear. Only a severe test will determine if O. K. or N. G.

"Before all-talking pictures were made, character and personality as well as beauty were required. Now we must also consider the timbre and pitch of voice and the manner of its registration on others' ears. The silent screen artist was compelled to express the heart through facial expression, but now in all-talking productions the heart must be expressed through not only the visage, but the larynx, tonsils, adenoids and buccal cavity have their say!

"When we are satisfied that an applicant has possibilities, the first step is to send her, or him, to the make-up department, supervised by Charles Dudley, where she is skillfully prepared for the test.

"If the candidate passes inspection, she is taken to the test gallery where we shoot 50 feet of film in making a (Continued on page 101)

Above: a test that is no trial to any girl. Charlotte is being costumed under the supervision of Sophie Wachner, fashion creator.

In the old days the aspirant for movie honors was only required to emote. Now, she must be able to emulate Pavlowa as well. Right: Charlotte taking her dancing test with Edward Royce, stage director.

A Critic *and a* Plow

Lawrence Tibbett, Opera Star in Talking Pictures, knows his Onions and Raisins

By
Myrene Wentworth

Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera singer, now appearing in "The Rogue's Song," a musical movie romance.

Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen in one of their dramatic love scenes in "The Rogue's Song."

EVERYBODY who achieves success in any art is, by very virtue of this success, a critic. But sometimes an artist isn't a great critic of the art he excels in. For instance, there's Lawrence Tibbett.

Tibbett is one of the greatest operatic baritones in the world today. His name is known wherever music is. And he says he's a good critic of plowing!

He got his experience early, for he was born on a farm near Bakersfield, California, at the lower end of the great San Jeaquin Valley. The farms which in his day were plowed over, and yielded raisin, grapes, or grain, are now a forest of towering oil derricks, and black gold is hauled from the once pastoral scene where raisin trees blossomed and onions grew in truck gardens.

And, just as the old farm metamorphosed into the hiding place of unsuspected millions, so did the farmer boy. He studied music, sang on the stage, won his place in opera and triumphed. Not long ago he paid a flying visit to his old home town, en route East on a concert tour. They turned the school children out to strew his path with flowers—children from the very school, among others, where he used to be 'kept after school' when he didn't study his lessons. Such is fame!

Tibbett, conquering the citadel of grand opera, is now storming another citadel. He is starring in talking pictures, widening a breach in the walls for other singers to follow him. He is the vanguard of opera in the new art of the talking screen.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios he is acting and singing his way through "Rogue's Song" as a swashbuckling gypsy lover. He sings songs by Lehar and by Herbert Stothart, riding his horse in colorful costume and through colorful adventure.

Great pains are being taken with this production, for it means a great deal to the screen. Lionel Barrymore is directing it. Catherine Dale Owen, beauty from the New York stage and recent leading lady for John Gilbert, is his heroine. Hedda Hopper, Marion Schilling, and other celebrities of the screen and stage are playing with him. And incidentally they didn't engage Tibbett just as a singer, for he is a superb actor as well.

When news came to the studios that the opera star was on his way, studio attaches and (*Continued on page 95*)

Clara Bow.

Charles A. Pollock

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

RAMON NOVARRO *and* DOROTHY JORDAN

in "Devil May Care"

Corinne brought back thirty French berets in different colors.

One of the thirty berets is of white kid, severe but sporty.

An interesting spangled crystal head-dress for evening wear.

All photographs by Elmer Fryer.

CORINNE PARIS

Extreme left: Miss Griffith in Worth's favorite evening model for 1930, in the new shade of yellow called marshamiel rose.

Left: Lenief created this suede leather sports coat for Corinne.

Below: a very smart sports ensemble by Worth. Navy-blue hand-knitted blouse and skirt with yellow sweater.

Corinne's Agnes turban may be draped three different ways.

Side flaps may be turned outward; strings tied under chin.

Presto! Flaps may be drawn over ears; strings tied snugly in back!

GRIFFITH'S CLOTHES

Extreme right: Corinne wearing a Poiret tea gown of shell-pink satin with rhinestone-beaded chiffon sleeves.

Right: Corinne brought back this sports costume from Paris.

Patou created this unusual sports ensemble for Miss Griffith. The white leather coat has a zipper fastening.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

ALL the lure and mystery of the screen's most potent personality is reflected in this new study of Greta Garbo.

UNTIL talkies came along, John Boles was just another leading man. Now he is the romantic hero of movie musical comedies.

Ruth Harriet Louise

JOSEPHINE DUNN may be a haughty, naughty girl in pictures, but here she is just a school-girl out for a holiday.

Fred B. Archer

IT IS reported that Grant Withers, Hollywood's handsome sheik, is engaged to Loretta Young. How about it, Loretta?

Ruth Harriet Louise

HEDDA HOPPER has green eyes and a gorgeous personality; and she endows her screen characters with distinction and charm.

THOU WOW!

Hedda Hopper, Erstwhile Quaker Girl, is Now the Smart Sophisticate of the Talkies

By Ralph Wheeler

HEDDA HOPPER'S hobby is men.

She admits it. She is proud of it.

"Men with a capital M," she added, "not New York men or Hollywood men, but men, generally!"

One hand gestured in the general direction of the entire masculine world.

"As a general rule men are much more interesting than women. Of course, there are exceptions, but they only serve to prove the rule. Don't you think so?"

I didn't know exactly what I thought. But I agreed. Everyone agrees with Hedda. It may be her throaty, staccato voice which does it. Or it may be the color and force of her personality.

Hedda is celebrated for her gaiety, her svelte way with clothes, and her unfailing good humor. No wonder she is one of Hollywood's most popular personalities.

If Hedda's hobby is men, it's another example of the old axiom, 'Turn about is fair play.' Many members of the sterner sex seem to be greatly concerned in making a hobby of the fascinating Hedda. Everywhere she goes, she becomes immediately the center of a group of admiring masculinity.

Until I met her, I believed that such women lived only in the imaginations of writers of fiction and plays. She has been places and seen things. She is still going and seeing. Her sheer joy in life and people is contagious and stimulating.

Hedda has green eyes. She would. I believe that the histories credit Cleopatra and Lilith with eyes of the same jade hue. Hedda's eyes are slightly slanting and usually narrowed. When she looks at you through those quizzically drooping lids, you remember that you need a manicure and hope that your hair is not too noticeably uncurled.

To Hedda, dressing is an art. Her clothes speak the language of simple sophistication. This day she was wearing a lemon-colored sports outfit. It was perfect from shoes to soft felt hat of the same golden shade. Its lines —well, after looking at that costume I no longer wondered at Hedda's successful pursuit of her hobby.

But Hedda wasn't always the woman of the world whom the screen, Hollywood Boulevard and Fifth Avenue know today.

Ask Altoona, Pennsylvania, about a girl named Elda Furry. Altoona will tell you the story of an entirely different person.

Elda was not born to the lemon-colored flannels and the smart drawing-rooms of our Hedda. She knew only the grave simplicity of a Quaker household, a quiet-speaking and devout world which shunned the gaieties of life.

Can you imagine the svelte Hedda in a Quaker bonnet and fichu? Neither can I. But she wore them until she was eighteen years old. Then she ran away, changed Elda to Hedda, discarded the cap and fichu for clinging satins and tailored flannels.

"I guess it was the desire for life and success, which really persuaded me to run away from home. The first stirrings of my hobby so to speak," Hedda smiled, thinking of that young Elda, who dutifully spoke her *thees* and *thous* while dreaming of the other world beyond the Quaker hills.

"I went to school in Pittsburg, and there I met a girl who was playing in the chorus of a New York musical comedy. I used to sit hour after hour, listening to her exciting stories of Broadway, the bright lights, the gaiety.

"After she went back, she wrote me frequent letters, urging me to try my luck in New York and promising to help me find a job. So I ran away from home, finally, leaving a note on the pincushion in the prescribed manner. The only way in which the story differs from the regular ten-twenty-thirty melodrama is that I did *not* come home in a snowstorm without a wedding ring.

"The girl made good on her promise. I landed a job in a chorus. For three years I kicked and danced and learned what the theatrical game was all about. When I look back now on that ignorant, (*Continued on page* 111)

Estelle Taylor—Mrs. Jack Dempsey—in the playroom of the Dempseys' Beverly Hills home.

PLAYROOMS

In Hollywood, Play as Work, and is

By Helen

The curio den in Fred Niblo's handsome home presents a variety of diversions, from ping-pong to a projection machine; from parchesi to a collection of rare weapons.

THE demands of talking pictures have somewhat cramped the style of the picture folk these days, but they have at least made provision for their play-time so that when they do get a minute they can take full advantage of it.

Play is as important as work. Life is a game. Just as we tackle tennis or parchesi so are we apt to tackle the graver game of life. To play a good game one must first enter into the fun of the play, *learn the rules,* then *play straight.* There is no fun when somebody cheats. So it is in life. The lad who laughs and plays straight wins happily. The lad who cheats may win the game, but with it goes, not happiness, but a sour sort of satisfaction. He may win several games, but the funny thing about cheating is that it lets you down at the most embarrassing moments, when to win may mean life or death for you. Parents could do their children an infinite service in life and in business just by teaching them the *right way to play their games!*

All of which hasn't a whale of a lot to do with Hollywood playrooms, but it is sort of down that street!

Some of the stars take playing very seriously and dip into everything. Others, like Ronnie Colman, are content with a tennis court, a racket and one or three companions. The serious ones build houses, rooms, porches or gardens which are dedicated to Play. I suppose everyone knows about Ramon Novarro's miniature theater. Ramon almost never gives a party. He and his friends get more fun out of staging concerts and plays of their own. The theater is a part of his house and seats less than a hundred people.

Bessie Love, on the other hand, adores parties. Her home is on the slope of a hill and from one side, particularly, there is a fine view. She had a porch built, sixty feet in length, which is her recreation room. One side is glassed to protect guests from the wind that always blows and is chilly at night. It is furnished with a decided leaning toward Indian art. There are enormous wicker rockers

Bob Vignola is one of the most popular hosts in Hollywood. Here is the room in the basement of his home where he gives his parties.

of the STARS

is Just as Important Almost as Serious

Ludlam

Bessie Love's porch, overlooking the Hollywood hills, is her unique recreation room.

Julia Faye's playroom is a garden. When Julia entertains a floor is laid to cover the lawn, an orchestra occupies the pergola, and a very good time is had by all!

and runners attached to the walls, so one can comfortably sit on the floor propped with cushions. There are little cactus plants all along the railings and when there are goings-on in the evening the place is flooded with the soft light shed by votive candles.

Bessie said the first thing she did when she and her mother moved in was to give a party. "There wasn't a stick of furniture in the house except a piano and two little iron beds, which eventually found their way to the maids' rooms. Not a chair—not a dresser—nothing! I didn't tell the girls I hadn't any furniture because I knew if I did they wouldn't dress. And I hate not to have the girls dressed formally. I don't mind the men coming in flannels and business suits, but I do like to see the girls dressed up at a party.

"Eddie Brandstatter catered for me and when he arrived to look the place over and see what had to be done, his expression was about the funniest thing I ever saw in my life. But he did a swell job. He fixed a very low table which ran the whole length of the porch and then he got all the pillows he could lay his hands on in the whole city of Los Angeles and stacked them all over the floor of the porch and living rooms. There were hundreds of them. I love them, anyway. Much more comfortable than chairs. 'Bigger and better pillows' has been my motto ever since."

Julia Faye pays all her social debts in the summer time because her playroom is a garden. In the winter she can have seven or eight guests for dinner, but no big parties, for her dining-room table only holds ten. The garden is walled in and lined with conventional flower borders for which her mother does most of the planting herself. At one end is a barbecue from which the dinners are always served. Under a pergola there is a place for musicians and there are four sections of flooring which are laid down covering the whole lawn for dancing. Julia has two young cousins whom she declares got far more (*Continued on page* 104)

Corinne Griffith in her 'whoopee' room, perhaps the most elaborate playroom in all Hollywood. It is furnished in contemporary art.

Olive Borden is not married, and is not even sure that she has been in love, but she has her ideals.

"The clinging vine is a pretty myth that men dream of because it makes them feel strong and superior," states Olive.

Olive Borden believes love can't be catalogued and draws conclusions on the world's oldest emotion

YOU CAN'T

By Ruth

LOVE and matrimony so often prove ephemeral in Hollywood that any tips on how to make them permanent are valuable.

Not so long ago, an intrepid soul rushed into print with the news that the girl who would hold her man must keep him busy taking her around and keep him poor spending money on her.

Which rule is repudiated by two of our youngest, handsomest and most popular stars.

"I wouldn't have a man I had to hold!" cries Olive Borden, her dark eyes flashing. "It seems to me like playing games with the most sacred thing that can happen to you. Love shouldn't be a matter of 'If I do this, he'll think I mean that, and then he'll do so-and-so!' Real love should be rooted in sincerity. I'd hate to feel that I had to pretend about it.

"I'm not married, and I'm not sure I've ever really been in love, but like most girls I have ideals. I'd want to be trusted absolutely, and I'd feel there was something the matter with our marriage if I had to worry about holding the man who cared for me."

"Seems like a perpetual escort would get mighty tired of his job," observes Buddy Rogers, sagely. "I like family life. My folks are all coming out to live with me—Dad's giving up his newspaper to come, and he'll manage my affairs—and then I'll leave the Athletic Club and have a home. I'm wild about a home. Why should a man enjoy being dragged out of it every night?

"I hardly know what to think about women. I've never gone with one girl more than a month or so at a time, and I haven't had time to think much about marriage, but just looking at it from the outside, seems like you're more likely to stick if you're good comrades."

"A good comrade who liked the same things, or at least sympathized with my liking for certain things would be nice," admits Olive.

"I've noticed that most men like the domestic type of woman pretty well. I wonder if I'd ever qualify as domestic? I've never had time to find out. But I love the very idea of a home. Not a tremendous establishment, but a real home with a fireplace and real logs, where my friends and my husband's friends would be welcome, and yet where we could be alone, too. I wouldn't like my home to be a roadhouse!

"I'd like to have it stand for all the sweet, simple, lovely things of life—not for ostentation or formality or keeping up with the neighbors.

"Sometimes I think that the thing that spoils romance, marriage, or any relation is success.

"When people are poor and struggling, they seem to stick together and be sweet about it, but the minute they are successful they seem to grow hard and cold and selfish.

"Looking on from the outside," says Buddy Rogers, bachelor, "I reckon marriage is more or less of a gamble."

Buddy Rogers says that if marriage is to hold, there must be understanding and good comradeship

Buddy believes the ideal girl should be the mothering type who would consider his comfort. Well, lots of girls would!

'TYPE' LOVE!

Tildesley

Why is that, I wonder? The poor boy remembers to bring home candy on special days, even if all he can afford is five cents' worth in a paper sack, and the girl ponders over what she can fix for him to eat. 'He should have something good—he works so hard!' or 'If I do without a movie, I can afford a better steak for him, he is so brave and sweet!'

"But the minute success runs up its flag, each one suddenly begins to think 'I-I-I.' 'I must have so-and-so to make up for all I've been through!' 'I must spend more on myself, people expect it!' "

Buddy, believes, however, that many girls feel there is something lacking in an unsuccessful man. From his observation, jealousy is the chief reason for wreck of the marital brig.

"But you couldn't be jealous if you weren't playing games with love," asserts Olive. "Great stress is being laid on the value of elusiveness. Keeping them guessing is advocated. It's just too much for me! I have work to do, and I can't be bothered wondering what he meant by this or that. If a man cares for me, let him show it, so I'll know where I stand. This guessing business looks like deceiving each other to me, cheapening love, tarnishing a beautiful thing.

"Why don't men feel like that? But perhaps they like to wonder."

"Yes, a little guessing keeps one interested," admits Buddy. But he believes that the ideal girl should be the mothering type, who would consider his comfort and run after him with his rubbers when it rains. A girl who knows how to cook and sew and run a house, although she needn't necessarily do any of these things.

"A number of girls as well as men in Hollywood like to be babied," returns Olive. "It makes them feel important to have someone mothering them, perhaps. But as for me, I don't yearn to bring up a husband. I'll take him fully grown. I don't care to be babied, either. I think if a girl is old enough to be married, she is old enough to be treated as a woman, not as a child.

"One of the chief ideals of all men is the clinging vine, so-called. The truth of the matter is that *she doesn't exist.* She's a pretty myth that men dream of, not because they'd really like her, but because they've read and heard of her and think she would make them feel strong and superior.

"But if a man's wife looked helpless and murmured: 'I don't know how—you do it, darling!' every time she was asked to telephone or buy tickets or drive a car, there'd be a different story. The helpless female is all very well at a distance. Men are so used to the independent girl who does something about whatever happens instead of wringing her hands and sobbing, or gently fainting away, that they would think there was (*Continued on page* 105)

The Broadway Blonde

By Jean Cunningham

Ann Harding's million-dollar blonde hair—all real money, too!—lends itself to one of the most interesting and unusual coiffures in screenland.

It is rumored that some few Broadway stars packed a superiority complex in with the latest dress models when they departed for Hollywood. But Ann Harding is not one of them. Take it from the studio maid and hairdresser who attend her, the star who scintillated so brightly in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Woman Disputed," "Tarnish" and other New York successes, absolutely neglected to equip herself with an inflated ego when she came West.

It was on the set at the Pathé Studio where she was working in her second dialog picture, "Her Private Affair," that I learned of Miss Harding's negligence in this respect.

Alice, the studio maid, and Gladys, the hairdresser, were chatting just outside the door of Miss Harding's portable dressing-room when the young actress and her husband, Harry Bannister, who plays with her in "Her Private Affair," appeared.

"Well, here's our baby," said Alice in decidedly motherly, albeit not at all 'maidenly' fashion, if one may be permitted a poor pun.

However, the friendly greeting seemed to ruffle the beautiful Ann's composure not at all.

"Oh, you sweet things!" she cried. "Here you are waiting for me, after working so late last night."

It seems that Alice and Gladys had worked the previous evening preparing Kay Hammond, who plays an important part in "Her Private Affair," for some sequences in which Miss Harding did not appear. Hence her appreciation at their early presence on the set—a fact, gentle reader, which only too many stars would have taken for granted.

After Gladys had dressed Ann's long golden tresses in a bewitching and very sophisticated off-the-ear fashion, and Alice had garbed her in the beaded chartreuse chiffon gown she wore in the morning's scenes, I found a chair beside the two obvious admirers of the star.

"You like Miss Harding, don't you?" I questioned.

"Like her?" asked Alice. "Who wouldn't? She's an angel. There are no pretences or little poses about that young lady. And do you know why?"

I did not, but signified that I would be interested in finding out.

"Because she was born a lady," explained Alice in effect. "There are those who scoff at the part good family, good blood and good breeding play in a person's character, but I'm not one of them.

"I've seen stars who started out as the daughters of servants—some as servants themselves. As they climbed to the top of the ladder they felt necessary to adopt affectations and temperamental gestures to prove to themselves that there was nobody higher up than they were. I've read books on psychology in which this is described as 'an inferiority complex,' and I think it's true. In their innermost minds such people are aware that they have not had the advantages of education and environment enjoyed by people who had always had money, so they felt that they had to go to them one better in other ways.

"Now, Miss Harding is entirely different. She is the daughter of a general in the United States army. Her

Ann Harding has Won Hollywood with her Beauty and Charm

family has been one of the finest in the country since the Revolution. She had just as many advantages in life before she began to be a successful actress as she could possibly have now. And when she cut herself adrift from her family to go on the stage, she had a couple of years of decidedly hard going, so she also knows what it is to earn a living and work hard and economize. As a result she is finely balanced. She is equally at home in several different spheres of life.

"Miss Harding is a wonderful actress, but she works hard and gives everything she has to make each part perfect. For that reason, I think she has a great deal of respect for anyone who works hard at whatever he is doing, no matter what the occupation, and who is successful at it. She is friendly to everyone, and it is not a condescending friendliness either, but a real heart-whole interest in the work which is the main interest of someone else.

"Then, too, she is beautifully happy. God bless her, she deserves it! I think it perfectly beautiful to see her and Mr. Bannister together. He is so proud of her youth and beauty and ability, while she defers to his judgment in so many matters, and is just as proud of his work as he is of hers.

"Let me tell you something. A little extra girl who had been married once, very unhappily, worked on this set a couple of days last week. She had been thinking of marrying again—a young business man who seemed to be very much in love with her. But she had been disillusioned once, and she was afraid that it would be the same old story of boredom and lies and wandering apart just as soon as the honeymoon glamour wore off.

The small person with the appealing smile is Jane Harding Bannister, daughter of Ann and Harry Bannister.

"Well, after working a few days around Miss Harding and Mr. Bannister, she told me that she had made up her mind that nothing in life could be as beautiful as a happy marriage, and she was going to take a chance. Now, isn't that lovely? And don't you think it wonderful that they are playing husband and wife in this picture? Their love scenes should be convincing."

"And you don't find that she considers herself a little bit—well, superior—to her director and the screen players in her pictures?"

"Say," Gladys took up the story, "all that girl is interested in is making her pictures as good as she can. She wants to absorb everything anyone who has been in a studio for years can tell her. And I bet she was just the same way when she started on the stage. That's probably why she was so successful.

"You know what a clear, musical voice she has. Well, my dear, after almost every scene she asks the recording engineers just how it sounded to them, so that she can tone it down or speak louder as they think best. She knew all about stage make-up but when she found screen make-up was something else again, she started out to absorb all she could on this subject, too. She knows exactly what she herself likes in the way of clothes, but if she finds that the line or color she prefers might not photograph well, she is perfectly willing to alter her opinions.

"Take her (Continued on page 96)

Ann's leading man in "Her Private Affair" is her own devoted husband, Harry Bannister.

It isn't the Initial Cost, it's the Upkeep—and Nobody Knows it Better than the Stars!

Jean Hersholt, the character actor, lives in this aristocratic home in Beverly Hills. Here's Jean playing ball with Junior on the front lawn.

The UPKEEP

By Herbert

Dolores Del Rio is served by her butler amid the costly silver and the ecclesiastical hangings of her sumptuous dining room.

THE stern jurist gazed upon the prisoner. The man had just confessed to murder as a profession. Murder for profit.

"Do you mean to tell me," thundered the Law, "that you killed the deceased for a paltry two dollars?"

"Well, Judge, your honor," cheerily responded the felon, "you know it is—a couple of dollars here—a couple of dollars there—!"

No, you're wrong. This is not a column devoted to songs, dances and witty sayings. It is the sad, sad story of stars and star-dust. The gold dust that comes from the silver screen. Comes—and goes. And in its going leaves incredulous amazement upon pretty faces, and dainty footprints on the sands of bankruptcy courts. This is a tale of the high cost of stardom.

Scarce a hand has forced its way into the movie apple barrel but what it has emerged with a fat golden pippin. And nine times in ten, just as the initial nibble is being enjoyed, the sardonic voice of Fate is heard to chuckle:

"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

Most of us are in the ten-twenty-thirty class. Our lives are simple, ordered things consisting of a home, a job and Sunday. The three buck salary rise—which should have been five—is something of an event. But it doesn't change us much. Nor does it materially alter our mode of what is laughingly called living. Naturally we wonder how a movie star making five or ten—or even one thousand dollars each week, can ever spend the money. All we would wish for would be, say ten weeks' work at five thousand per—or better yet, five weeks' work at ten thousand per. A grand

Leatrice Joy emerges from her English mansion to find her Rolls Royce waiting to take her to work. A star must ride in style.

Thomas Meighan has a summer home in Great Neck, Long Island, and a winter home at Newport Richey, Florida, which is pictured here.

In it Comes and Out it Goes—a Couple of Millions Here, a Couple of Millions There!

of their CAREERS

Cruikshank

total of fifty thousand—and we'd retire, you bet. But, listen—there's a trick in it.

All right—abracadabra and other expressions of magic—now you're a star! Overnight your salary is increased from fifteen to fifteen hundred dollars a week. What happens? It's off with the old and on with the new—and that goes right down to your step-ins, or the old cambric athletics. As a princess, or a prince of star-land, you must dress the part. It's all in the racket. No more fifteen dollar dresses, or thirty dollar suits. Fifteen berries is now the price of an ordinary pair of street shoes. 'Buddy' Rogers, not as loose as ashes with his dough, pays from $115 to $165 for every suit. No two pairs of pants, either.

And, of course, it's bye-bye to the comfy little two-family house, or the four-room apartment consisting of bed, bath, kitchenette and dumb-waiter. The De Luxe Pictures Corporation couldn't think of having one of its players calling such a simple dump 'home.' You must immediately cease to live, and in future *reside* somewhere. Somewhere in Hollywood, of course.

Now there are lots of cozy places in Hollywood rentable for fifty or sixty dollars a month. They'd have been grand when you were back of the old soda fountain, or pounding the keys. But now that you're a star—they're out. After shopping around a bit you may find a modestly furnished place for about $300 a month. If you do, you're lucky. But we'll give you a break because you're new in the game. And that's more than Hollywood will do.

You're not a great, big star at $1500 a week. (*Continued on page* 98)

William Haines, movie playboy, lives handsomely in his sedate home, surrounded by rare antiques.

In H. B. Warner's library are a pair of lamps which are known to have graced an Oriental temple of Confucius more than 1,000 years ago.

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

John Boles and Bebe Daniels score in the colorful "Rio Rita"

RIO RITA

A GORGEOUS, glamourous show! The wise ones may tell you that the technique of "Rio Rita" is that of the 'legitimate' musical comedy. But I can't worry about that when I am having such a good time. It's a $5.50 Broadway show on the screen. Luther Reed has directed with speed and sparkle. Music—sets—singing—comedy are all big-time. Bebe Daniels is a sweet sensation optically and vocally as the alluring **Rita.** Bebe's voice matches her rich and vivid personality. Her acting is natural and graceful. John Boles as the Texas ranger will fire his fans to fresh enthusiasm. The team of Bert Wheeler and Bobby Woolsey contributes unforced and infectious talkie comedy. Bert will never go back to Broadway in person if my applause will help to keep him in Hollywood. "Rio Rita" is a happy marriage of screen and stage talent. Bless you, my children!

George Arliss is supported by Mrs. Arliss in "Disraeli"

DISRAELI

GEORGE ARLISS talking! The eminent actor brings his "Disraeli" to the screen with highly satisfactory results. It is a refreshing picture, with no theme song except **God Save the Queen.** The great **Dizzy** is one of Mr. Arliss' most popular portrayals, and I'm glad that the Warners have seen fit to preserve him in celluloid, with not the slightest concession to 'box-office.' They have their reward—"Disraeli" has turned out to be box-office after all, and in a big way. The Broadway audience I sat with had come to see Arliss in "Disraeli" and knew what they were doing, for they fidgetted during the half hour of 'shorts' which preceded the feature; they were in a hurry to steep themselves in the quainter and quieter times of England's picturesque statesman. Arliss is superb. Mrs. Arliss plays **Lady Beaconsfield.** Joan Bennett and Anthony Bushell supply the young-love interest.

Lawrence Gray and Marion Davies, amusing in "Marianne"

MARIANNE

MY favorite of all the big musical movies—so far. "Marianne" is a doughboy's dream of a lovely war—sheer comic fiction. It aims to be rousing and rowdy entertainment, and it succeeds. Robert Leonard's direction is hearty and human. But after all, it is Marion Davies' own special triumph. She plays a French peasant girl—blouse, accent, and all; and it's the hardest rôle any screen star has attempted in the talkies. She can't depend upon beauty or wardrobe. She must swing from broad comedy to delicate pathos and back again. It's an acting achievement. And the Davies imitation of Chevalier is a classic. Lawrence Gray is next for honors with a grand singing voice and more masculine charm than you've met before in one talkie actor. He's the new idol. **Just You Just Me** will be the world's favorite theme song if my whistling can put it over.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the Six Most Important Films of the Month

APPLAUSE

"APPLAUSE"—with and for Helen Morgan! She is a night-club star who has risen to considerable prominence in New York lately. But it remains for her first film feature to reveal her as an important dramatic actress. This girl who can sing sentimental ballads like **Can't Help Lovin' That Man** and make you like it with a few flutters of her hands and catches in her voice is an amazing artist. As **Kitty Darling,** blonde burlesque queen in the picture version of Beth Brown's interesting novel, Miss Morgan approaches greatness. She is **Kitty** and that's all there is to it—except, perhaps, a little technique and hard work. Rouben Mamoulian directed with occasional inspiration and consistent promise. He will do better work when he is not so fascinated with camera angles. It's his first picture. Joan Feers, newcomer, is nice. Henry Wadsworth, also new, is even nicer. But—more Morgan!

Helen Morgan with Joan Feers in picturesque "Applause"

They Had to See Paris

WILL ROGERS, almost in person! The Rogers personality, such a panic on the stage, never quite registered on the screen until talkies came along. Now Will is a wow. His first talkie is excellent entertainment of the home-spun variety. It's 100% American, all right. Rogers is an American classic and this film is a worthy monument to his well-known wit. He plays a 'new' millionaire whose wife and children drag him to Europe for the 'background.' Once there, Will is neglected for the pleasures of Paris: his wife goes in for society, his daughter for a French count, his son for the Latin Quarter. Will is left alone—no, not quite alone. There's Fifi Dorsay; and she's fun. Rogers shares honors with Irene Rich, who is great. Owen Davis Jr. and Marguerite Churchill are clever youngsters. Incidentally, you may plan a family theater party for this one and not feel embarrassed!

Fifi Dorsay and Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris"

Welcome Danger

HAROLD LLOYD'S first talking picture—and, not to keep you in suspense, you'll like it. The addition of clever dialog makes the antics of the spectacled comedian just so much funnier. "Welcome Danger" is a 'typical' Lloyd comedy in that it is built up carefully, sustained cleverly, and climaxes in a terrific explosion of mirth. The last few reels contain some of his most convulsive comedy. The funniest scene in the entire picture depends upon sound to put it across. Noah Young helps, too. I like the leisurely beginning in which we are introduced to The Boy and The Girl and allowed to become acquainted before the siege of slapstick starts. But my favorite scene of all, also dependent upon dialog for its effect, is Harold's bashful attempt to propose to Barbara Kent. It is human and natural and nice. And I hear it was mostly 'ad-libbing.' Smart boy, Harold!

"Welcome Danger" is Harold Lloyd's first talkie comedy

Critical Comment

Sweetie

HERE'S the first collegiate movie musical comedy with Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane, Jack Oakie, and a new boy, Stanley Smith, participating. It's very juvenile entertainment; but unless you are an old fogy who hates boys and girls and can't bear football games, you'll enjoy it. At least it doesn't pretend to be anything but very young and very fresh. A chorus girl, Nancy Carroll, inherits a boys' school—and brings a little bit of Broadway to the classic halls of learning. And who'll complain? Jack Oakie enrolls and changes Alma Mater to Alma Mammy, and has the time of his life. I had mine when Helen Kane sang her balcony song to a frightened Romeo. Miss Kane is the audible Clara Bow. I am all in favor of having her starred. Let's get up a petition. Screenland christened her 'Sugar' Kane and now she's being billed that way. Leave it to us to pick them!

Her Private Affair

NOT, as the title might imply, a frisky farce, but a tense drama involving a married lady's indiscretion. In fact, this married lady is so indiscreet as to commit murder—justifiable, perhaps, but nevertheless murder. An innocent man is accused of her crime; her husband is a learned judge; she has a conscience—and so she suffers. Since Ann Harding is the harassed lady, you will be interested and even touched by her troubles. Miss Harding is perhaps the loveliest of the stage stars to crash Hollywood; she has youth, ability, and her own particular brand of potent charm. What I like best about her is her apparent unconcern with her own beauty. She has the naturalness usually associated only with plain women. She gives a notable performance in this picture, and opposite her is her husband, Harry Bannister, a good actor. And those love scenes are real.

Why Bring That Up?

I'LL bite, why? Moran and Mack are laugh experts in their line but is their line an elaborate screen revue? Why not make a series of short subjects of these two popular black-face artists and let us listen to their early-bird discussions and have our fun and then let us go home? Of course I know that "Why Bring That Up?" will attract all the admirers of the team, and if they like the surrounding scenery, then tell me I'm wrong. Not that the musical comedy atmosphere in this picture is inferior to that in a dozen other offerings; but the novelty has worn off. Records and radio have brought the Moran-Mack dialog into the home and family clowns have repeated it until it really seems that the team should find a new line. Or the family clowns will have to go to work.

The Painted Angel

LAST month Screenland told you that Billie Dove was talking for the first time on the screen. This month I'm telling you that you'll hear Billie sing and see her dance for the first time in "The Painted Angel." Watch next month's Screenland to see what Billie will be up to next! It was in Professor Ziegfeld's Follies that Billie received her initiation into Missus Terpsichore's—and Old Mammy Vocal Chord's—realm, but here this beautiful lady is placed in lavish surroundings that almost out-Ziegfeld Ziggy. And Billie acquits herself in great shape—leave that to her. As a night-club queen, she leads a beauty chorus, bosses the girls behind the scenes, and makes Eddie Lowe's life miserable as well as eventful, besides stirring up strife among the men-folk. Wait until you see Billie's wild-west number, which she puts over with a bang and a boopa-doop.

on Current Films

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

THE king of all criminologists, **Sherlock Holmes,** finds his ideal interpreter in the suave Clive Brook. All **Sherlock** fans must see and hear the master detective tracking down his arch enemy, **Moriarity,** in this talkie. **Sherlock Holmes,** like **Peter Pan,** has perennial charms, particularly with Paramount's prize English star contributing his excellent voice and elegant diction to the rôle. Another Englishman, Basil Dean, was entrusted with the direction, which moves somewhat slowly according to Hollywood standards, but has some distinction nevertheless. **Holmes** is called upon to rescue Phillips Holmes—no relation—from **Moriarity's** clutches so that the young man may marry **Dr. Watson's** fair daughter. It will amuse you to see the immaculate Clive Brook assuming strange disguises. Harry T. Morey, an old favorite, returns with honors as **Moriarity.** "Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!" "Elementary, my dear Watson—elementary!"

Broadway Scandals

THIS screen musical show will entertain practically everybody, with the possible exception of Georgie White. It is crammed with chorus girls and elaborate numbers employing a run-way over the audience—oh, not your audience, silly, just the audience on the screen. Even so, this intimate number packs considerable kick as Carmel Myers leads it, and the costumes are the sketchiest so far devised for a film chorus. Sally O'Neil is the sweet heroine, Carmel the naughty vamp, and a new young juvenile is the man disputed. I thought he was Buddy Rogers for a minute; but Jack Egan only looks something like Buddy. Jack has a personality of his own, a nice voice, and the kind of appeal generally known as boyish—which means it works. More back-stage stuff, the best scene being that in which the vamp forgets her French accent and goes back, figuratively, to the Bronx. Young Mr. Egan's fan mail will be getting heavier.

A Hollywood Star

EXCUSE me while I guffaw. Here's a really funny picture. It's Mack Sennett back in his old splendid form and up to new tricks at one and the same time. This short feature comedy is the first burlesque of the talkies. Mr. Sennett presents Andy Clyde as a small-town motion picture theater exhibitor all a-twitter because **Jack Marlowe,** western star, is to make a personal appearance in conjunction with his first talking picture, "Rose of the Badlands." The local gentry turn out for **Jack** and the theater is packed; but alas, after a beautiful speech of welcome the talkie mechanism goes all wrong, and no sound issues from the moving lips of our hero. Anyone who has ever suffered through a talkie that forgot to talk—and who hasn't?—will have to be carried out of the theater along about this time. Harry Gribbon plays the comic hero in classic style. An original Sennetter with new ideas.

Jazz Heaven

NOT another back-stage picture. That's the time they fooled you! "Jazz Heaven" concerns itself with the output of Tin-Pan Alley; but instead of the usual theater atmosphere and endless chorus numbers it offers a pleasant diversion in the way of a boy and a girl in love against the background of a music publishing house. The boy—Johnny Mack Brown—has a voice and a piano and uses both, and Sally, besides the O'Neil charms, has a job as a song demonstrator. It isn't much of a story and it won't surprise anyone in the audience to find the young stars blossoming into radio broadcasters before the picture is over. Joseph Cawthorne as the senior partner of the music publishing company, walks away with the show. This veteran comedian can stay in Hollywood as long as he likes. The theme song, **Someone,** is hummable and croonable.

REVUETTES *of*

The Unholy Night

A mystery melodrama so involved that you can't be sure what it's all about even when it's all cleared up. But mystery addicts may love it, for there's sufficient spooky stuff going on to supply a dozen dramas with scares and sound effects. The picture begins in a fog and some members of the audience remain in one all the way through. A grand cast—Ernest Torrence, Roland Young, Dorothy Sebastian, Natalie Moorhead, Polly Moran, John Loder, and Sojin. Well, it all depends upon your mood—if you crave shocks and Scotland Yard atmosphere you must go; but remember—not recommended to light sleepers.

Salute

A charming, clean little picture about two Annapolis boys and their girl friends: George O'Brien, William Janney, Helen Chandler, and Joyce Compton. Stepin Fetchit supplies the comedy, a football game the excitement, and navy cadets on drill the atmosphere. Not an important picture but well worth your time and ticket. John Ford directed.

A Most Immoral Lady

Don't be frightened by the title. You may take grandma with perfect safety. Besides Leatrice Joy and Walter Pidgeon, there is Sidney Blackmer (Mr. Lenore Ulric) in his film debut, and Sidney almost romps off with the picture. The story tells of a nice girl, Leatrice, whose husband, Sidney, makes her help him blackmail her gentleman admirers.

The Girl in the Show

Adapted from a stage play, "Eva the Fifth," this is not a worthy vehicle for the versatile talents of Bessie Love. Great little trouper that she is, she can't put this weak one over. It's about an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe in which Bessie plays **Eva** and Raymond Hackett **Legree.** A good cast wasted on indifferent material.

Hard to Get

Put this nice little picture on your 'must' list. Starring lovely Dorothy Mackaill, with Jack Mulhall and Jack Oakie in the cast, it's a sure-fire prescription for the blues on the night it rained when someone tore up your rubbers. All about a shop girl beloved by an automobile mechanic, who is all agog when a millionaire asks her to marry him.

OTHER PICTURES

His Glorious Night

Of course you won't want to miss John Gilbert's first talking picture. It has had a varied reception; some audiences were hot, some cold. Others just laughed. Gilbert's well-known appeal seems not so potent when he speaks his lines. It may be the fault of the story. A romantic costume play was hardly a wise choice for this good actor's talkie debut. It's hard enough to be convincing in plain clothes, and Jack has to appear in a wardrobe of fancy uniforms. He plays a dashing captain in love with a haughty princess — Catherine Dale Owen, who also suffers from an unconvincing assignment. Let's give them both another chance.

Venus

This is Constance Talmadge's latest and, they say, last picture. We hope it isn't true because Connie's glamourous career as a clever comedienne merits a better swan song. Produced on the continent, it stacks up neither as a good Talmadge vehicle nor as an entertaining film. Only probable interest is in the European setting. Sorry!

Evidence

Pauline Frederick at last finds an emotional rôle worthy of her splendid talents. Here she is seen as a wife and mother who is a victim of circumstantial evidence. Yes, there's a court-room scene. Miss Frederick's charm and dignity were never more pleasing. She is ably supported by William Courtenay, Lowell Sherman, and Conway Tearle.

Illusion

Not much for Charles Rogers or Nancy Carroll in this picture. These two youngsters deserve the best material obtainable but they were not so fortunate here. The Buddy Rogers following will hardly take to their favorite juvenile in this rôle of a magician and Nancy never has an adequate chance to do her stuff. Better luck next time.

Dark Streets

Presenting the first dual rôle in talking pictures, with Jack Mulhall doubling for himself. Besides giving Jack the best part he ever had it offers a splendid picture of the underworld, filled with thrills and interspersed with comedy. Lila Lee is charming. You won't blame these 'openers'—I mean this pair of Jacks for falling for her!

Eight-year-old, high school girl, model, movie actress—they're all Jean. She has worked her way up through opposition and disappointment; she has come smiling through to steady success.

Growing Up

Jean Arthur is on the High Road to Stardom

By John Godfrey

For whatever she is, for whatever she will be, Jean Arthur can thank Jean Arthur.

She is one of Hollywood's most interesting young personalities. By nature, she has a lure of mystery which few American actresses have. By training, she has the determination of a young business man.

Jean Arthur has done what most girls couldn't. Instead of having a manager to act as contact with the outside world, she has fought alone. During these five years she has developed from a rather plain high school girl into an interesting actress who can be classified as neither ingenue, leading woman nor menace, playing dumb-bell flappers and smart debutantes with uniform success.

With "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," "The Greene Murder Case" and "The Saturday Night Kid" to her credit, Jean Arthur is about to realize the result of her remarkable courage. She worked almost four years before her first chance came, and those years have made her the Jean Arthur of today. She is a sensitive, cultured girl who, one would think, could not stand opposition and defeat for any length of time. But disappointments have given her a calm outlook on life. Nothing that anyone could say about her could disturb her now. It would hurt her, but in these years she has gained the poise of a woman twice her age.

Jean Arthur would have been a college girl today if she hadn't accompanied two of her friends to a commercial photographer's studio during her freshman year at high school in New York City. She was a plain girl with long hair and there were freckles on her face. Nevertheless, when one girl was late the photographer asked Jean to pose for a hat advertisement, and she was given a five dollar bill for the half hour's work. To her great surprise, the developed print showed excellent photographic qualities. Right there her career began. Since Jean was fourteen years old she has supported herself, and has done it well.

With a group of girls under contract to a big film company, she came to Hollywood. Her mother accompanied her, although it was against the entire family's judgment that their daughter become an actress. Jean has a large inheritance of determination, so sweetly and politely she told her folks that she had done well enough and for them to wait and see. Many a time the advice of her family against her career prompted her to go on.

Miss Arthur's initial disappointment in Hollywood was in being taken out of her first important part and put into westerns and comedies for the remainder of the contract. She worked around Hollywood for years. During the first years in the film colony, defeat came so often that Jean finally took hold of herself and realized that those periods in which she was sunk in (*Continued on page* 110)

Eugene Robert Richee

JEAN ARTHUR worked hard and never missed an opportunity. Reward: a nice long-term contract and bigger parts.

Chidnoff

WILLIAM POWELL has stepped out of character. From suave crook rôles he emerges to stardom as a fascinating hero.

Chidnoff

LILLIAN GISH is making her all-dialog picture debut in "The Swan," a romantic comedy adapted from Ferencz Molnar's play.

ENGAGING grin and athletic prowess are not George O'Brien's only claims to popularity. He is a good talkie actor, too.

John Miehle

JOAN BENNETT can't live down the fact that she's the littlest Bennett. But she's fast growing up into a versatile trouper.

William E. Thomas

BLONDES are still preferred on the Pathé lot and Carol Lombard—note the particularly stunning coiffure—is one of them.

Chidnoff

BEN LYON is now qualified as a transport pilot. When will Ben and Bebe take that co-starring flyer in films?

Lansing Brown

LLOYD HUGHES found new popularity when he added a fine singing voice to his other screen qualifications.

The SURPRISE VOICE

Lloyd Hughes Discovers he can Sing and Steps into a New Screen Career

By Jason Carroll

Hughes has astonished Hollywood by developing a fine singing voice. He warbles with Bebe Daniels in "Love Comes Along."

"KFWB speaking. This is the First National Radio hour. We have a surprise for you tonight, folks. Lloyd Hughes will sing for you. His selections will be *Rose of My Heart* and *I Kiss Your Hand, Madame.* Introducing Mr. Hughes!"

Henceforth, Lloyd Hughes' voice will need no introduction. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed the Warner Brothers radio station in Hollywood was swamped with telephone calls demanding more of Lloyd Hughes.

Within another twenty-four hours he had triumphantly scored a hit in a singing test at the RKO studios, and won the leading rôle opposite the vivacious Bebe Daniels in "Love Comes Along." A coincidence indeed, as Bebe's own surprise voice in "Rio Rita" won her new and greater screen fame.

Within the next ten days, a thousand-and-one letters were received from radio and screen fans throughout the country, demanding the same and more of it. Nearly every writer expressed astonishment that the formerly silent screen star possesses such a splendid voice. (It's a dramatic tenor, with fine tonal quality, clarity and resonance.)

The radio and picture fans have nothing on the astonished Hollywood studio folks when it comes to the Hughes voice. For several months now Lloyd has wisely held his own counsel around the studios during the making of pictures. Beyond knowing that the player possessed a fine recording voice in speaking lines, the studio staffs were none the wiser. Unlike many who have rushed in where angels fear to tread, the modest Lloyd guarded his secret well, meantime perfecting his voice under one of the finest singers in Los Angeles. He knew he could sing well enough to get by any old time in musical pictures, but he had bigger and better ideas.

Not once in any of his talking screen tests at the studios did he reveal his singing voice. He waited until he was sure he could really surprise his own crowd.

Overnight, as it were, Lloyd has found a new popularity not only with the public, but with the producers and directors of pictures. A handsome screen actor who can speak lines is considered a golden nugget, but when a rich romantic singing voice is added to these qualities, we have an eighteen-karat diamond. Of course, he is not a Lawrence Tibbett, a Rudy Valee, an Al Jolson or a Maurice Chevalier, but he will most certainly please the world of theater-goers with his voice. In other words, Mr. Hughes stands on the brink of a new and exceedingly promising picture career.

One evening after his radio debut the bashful owner of the surprise voice was corralled by several well-wishing old picture colleagues with whom he had often played. He was billed to sing a return engagement by special request.

"What was the big idea in not letting us in on it?" was the most popular and somewhat indignant question.

"Shucks," stammered Lloyd, "I didn't think so much of my voice. And I don't now. Say, I'm just a beginner. If it's good enough now, after a year's study, to get me by before the mikes, I'll be tickled to death."

It is odd that he has never sung before, nor even indulged in vocal lessons, because of his fine natural voice. Most boys from small towns manage to sing in a glee club or play musical instruments in the town band before attaining their majority. Listen to Buddy Rogers. But Lloyd never did.

"Well, I have done my share of harmonizing with the boys in impromptu quartets, but never seriously. And there is one thing I want (Continued on page 97)

ON LOCATION with MARY NOLAN

By Helen Ludlam

The exteriors for "The Shanghai Lady" were shot at Noah Beery's at the left; and, at the right, John Robertson rehearsing Jimmy

THIS is a sort of double-header location. That is to say, it is killing two birds with one stone, which further elucidated, means that the spot John Robertson chose for his location will be of special interest to the fans because it is Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club.

It is only 88 miles from Los Angeles and the biggest surprise in the world. You go through desert roads with nothing but cactus and sand and here and there a tiny cottage and little patch of cultivation that tells of a brave returned soldier, trying to wrest a living from the government land he bought. Then suddenly, without noticing that you have been going up hill, so gradual is the rise, you find yourself a mile high and surrounded by tall pines. And there is Noah Beery's Paradise.

The company was working along the bank of one of the streams about five hundred feet from the main lodge. The situation was that Jimmy Murray and Mary Nolan had met in China during one of the bandit uprisings. The two Americans had to flee for their lives and fate took this opportunity to bring the two young people together. The girl and boy fought many dangers on their way back to Peking and when I found them they were resting by the side of this charming brook. There had been rain, and Mary, with a brilliant shawl for a garment, had hung up her frock to dry. She had all the comforts of home spread about; an army blanket to rest upon and a portable victrola to cheer her up. They had bummed a ride in an old ox cart and the animals with their native driver were taking advantage of the siesta. Jimmy had built a little fire so the frock would dry more quickly and the two young things were fast falling in love. In fact they were already, but had not told each other so. There was difficulty in that because Jimmy, who had escaped from prison for stealing a loaf of bread to keep from starving, thought that Mary was a great lady and far above him; while Mary, who was a girl of the streets, thought that Jimmy was a great gentleman and far above *her!* And so Puck and Cupid and all the rest of the woodsy band were having a fine time watching Jimmy and Mary battle with Nature.

Mary is certainly an alluring young woman and about the biggest chatter-box I have ever heard either inside or outside of a studio! Between scenes her tongue was never still. She was as full of pranks as a ten-year-old child, which amused her little colored maid extremely. It disturbed Mary to see people moving about while a scene was going on. She was lying on her back staring up at the trees while Jimmy went to the spring for water. Each was battling with his own emotions to keep from letting the other know how terribly they were in love.

Because of the delicacy of the scene it was more inspiring to Mary to look up at the trees and the sky and all space beyond it than at people who had nothing to do with the action. As she was rehearsing it her maid walked in front of her.

"Ella!" Mary cried. "Go right over there and sit down! If you don't sit down and *stay* down I don't know what I will do to you."

She spoke as I have heard many a ten-year-old girl scold its doll. And then she burst out laughing. Ella was laughing, too. I don't want to give the impression that I believe Mary to be a child in everything, because I think that she is a very sophisticated young lady; but

Paradise Trout Club. In the picture above you see the crew and Mary while SCREENLAND'S *Location Lady looks on.*

"The Shanghai Lady" Invites You to Come Along and Watch her Work!

Helen Ludlam says Mary Nolan is as natural and elfin as a ten-year-old child. She was really afraid to touch these turtles, but finally mustered up enough courage to pose with them!

All the players in Hollywood love to work for Director Robertson. Jimmy and Mary seem to be enjoying themselves.

there is a lot of the elfin little girl about her and it is one of her greatest charms.

In this sequence she is barefooted, and at the end of the scene she started to walk off the blanket when she remembered that she was without shoes. "Ella! Why don't you pay some attention to your mistress?" she called. "Where are you?"

"Here ah is, Miss Mary," said the girl.

"Well, what are you doing with my slippers and why aren't they on my feet?"

"Because—" Ella laughed.

"Now, now, no alibis!"

"Lor'!" Ella giggled, "Ef ah walks around ah gets balled out, an' ef ah sits down ah gets balled out!"

"Hal," asked Mary of Hal Mohr the camera man, "how did I look in that scene? Was the light right on my face? Did I turn my head enough? Was my shawl all right? You know I haven't much on underneath this shawl. If it comes apart imagine my embarrassment, Hal, if this shawl should come off."

Well, of course Hal didn't know (Continued on page 108)

THE PARTIES *of*

Going Places. Doing Things, Meeting People!

"I'M so glad that Leo Carrillo is bestowing the party concessions to his Santa Monica Canyon rancho on his friends so generously," remarked Patsy. "It was only those old Californians, and the foreigners today, who know what to do with our lovely outdoors."

"What's coming off?" I inquired.

"Beatrice Lillie—Lady Peel in private life, you know—and Leo Morrison are giving a barbecue party Sunday afternoon at Carrillo's ranch. I'm so sorry Leo Carrillo himself isn't here. He's in Australia, you see; but he's coming back to make some pictures."

An old board fence surrounds Leo's acreage at present, but nothing can destroy the natural beauty of the grounds, with their huge sycamore and oak trees, the little stream running through the arroyo, with its clear pools, the ferns and the wild flowers. He is to build a home there soon.

At Beatrice Lillie's and Leo Morrison's White, Bee Lillie, Ann Greenway, William Arbuckle, Georges Carpentier, Louise Pennington, Bessie Love,

Lilyan Tashman's new coiffure is attracting attention at Hollywood soirées. How do you like those tight little curls around her ears?

Beatrice Lillie and her beautiful mother, assisted by Leo Morrison, were greeting her guests as we arrived, and we caught sight of a lot of people already gathered under the trees. Miss Lillie looked charming in her sports clothes.

With her had come her brother-in-law, the famous writer on Egypt, Arthur Weigall, and her sister; also her little son, young Robert Peel.

Young Robert, at the moment of our arrival, was asking Hal Skelly if he knew how to skip stones on a pond, and was showing Hal how to do it. He had been running about and had got stickers in his stockings, but hadn't time to stop and pull them out.

Hal Skelly had donned a bathing suit and leaped into the pond, and he and little Bobby presently were chasing the ducks about the water.

Bee Palmer was there, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Mal St. Clair, Marshall Neilan, Jack Pickford, Georges Carpentier, Tom Jackson and his wife, Bessie Love, Ann Pennington, Louise Groody, Ben Gimbel, Vivienne Segal, William Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, Armida, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Porcasi, Bobby Watson and dozens of others.

"Such a crowd of actors from the stage, just come into

PICTUREVILLE

By Grace Kingsley

barbecue. See if you can pick out Alice Nigh, Tom Patricola, Joey Ray, Fatty Groody, Mal St. Clair, 'Bugs' Baer, Ann Jack Pickford.

Bebe Daniels is one of the few girls who can wear the difficult long bob without looking as if she had just jumped out of bed!

pictures!" confided Patsy.

We ate barbecued food at long tables under the trees—delicious steaks and chops, frijoles (red beans), enchaladas, coffee—and then went back to where we had seen a piano resting under the trees as naturally as if it was nothing at all to find pianos in canyons.

"Remember," Tom Jackson inquired, "when we used to laugh at the lady in vaudeville, doing her act in one, who would say to her partner, 'Ah, here's a piano in the forest—let's sing!' Well, that isn't a joke any more."

Bee Palmer was the first artist to oblige. She leaned against a great sycamore and sang one of her naughtiest songs.

Then Bessie Love danced a wonderful little Peter-Panish dance—a sort of pantomime; Joey Ray sang and Jimmie Morgan played the violin.

Bobby Watson pretended to sob as Jimmie played, and begged Jim not to play *Pagan Love Song*—said he just couldn't stand it.

Then Beatrice Lillie herself sang! And don't think that Miss Lillie's songs need a setting of the theater to make them effective. Her *There Are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden* was just as demurely naughty and effectively comical out there under the trees as it ever was in a theater.

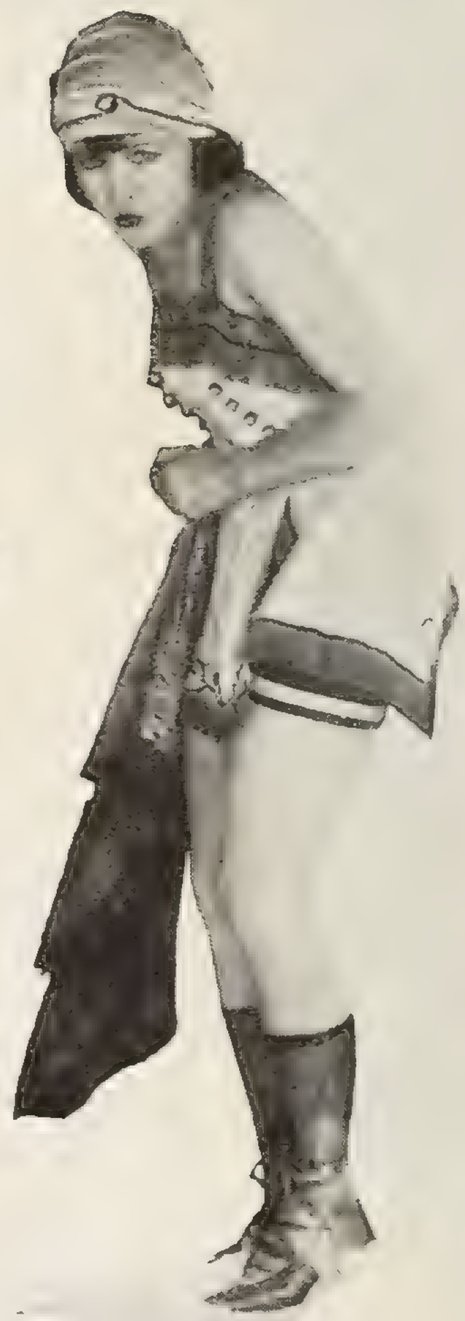
Then she sang one of those brightly satirical songs—a bit of a take-off on Galli-Curci, and I'm sure that the grand opera singer herself would have (*Continued on page* 106)

Sennett Styles

Such extravagance! Phyllis Haver's bathing costume is just like the party dresses girls wear now.

Before sound waves the Pacific kept the picture girls busy. Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost.

Believe it or don't, the bathing suit Marie Prevost is wearing was considered very daring when Marie was a Mack Sennett student.



Marie's all dressed up in her best bathing togs and afraid to go in. Oh, go on!

Have Changed

Mack Sennett girls taking an Educational course in sun-tanning—all apt pupils.

Photographs by George F. Cannons.

Winnie's gone home and changed her suit to a wrap-around.

Kathryn Stanley must be cold. Never mind, Kathryn—it's all in the cause of art.

Winnie Law, Mack Sennett-Educational bathing beauty, and what a beauty!

Life's just one bathing suit after another. Observe the modish low-cut back and belted waistline.

Constance Bennett sailed on the Homeric—destination, Paris. Her latest film is "Son of the Gods," with Dick Barthelmess.

Charlie Farrell had the time of his life in New York. He turned out to be one of the most popular stars who ever visited Manhattan.

Below: that 'Sally-Sunny' smile! Marilyn Miller perched on her trunks at the Grand Central when she returned from Hollywood.

IN NEW

Big Stars in the Big Town

WHAT a surprise! The Colleen Moore of real life is no more the Colleen Moore of the screen than a champagne cocktail is a chocolate ice cream soda. On the screen, Colleen is a sweet vivacious person. In real life—well, in real life, Colleen is as young and as sweet as she is on the screen, but there's brains in that thar head, stranger, and you can't get away from it.

Colleen and Johnnie (McCormick) as Colleen calls her husband, were at the Plaza. They had a beautiful suite overlooking Fifth Avenue. The drawing room was filled with lovely autumn flowers, and Colleen in a plain little black dress with demure collar and cuffs met me at the door.

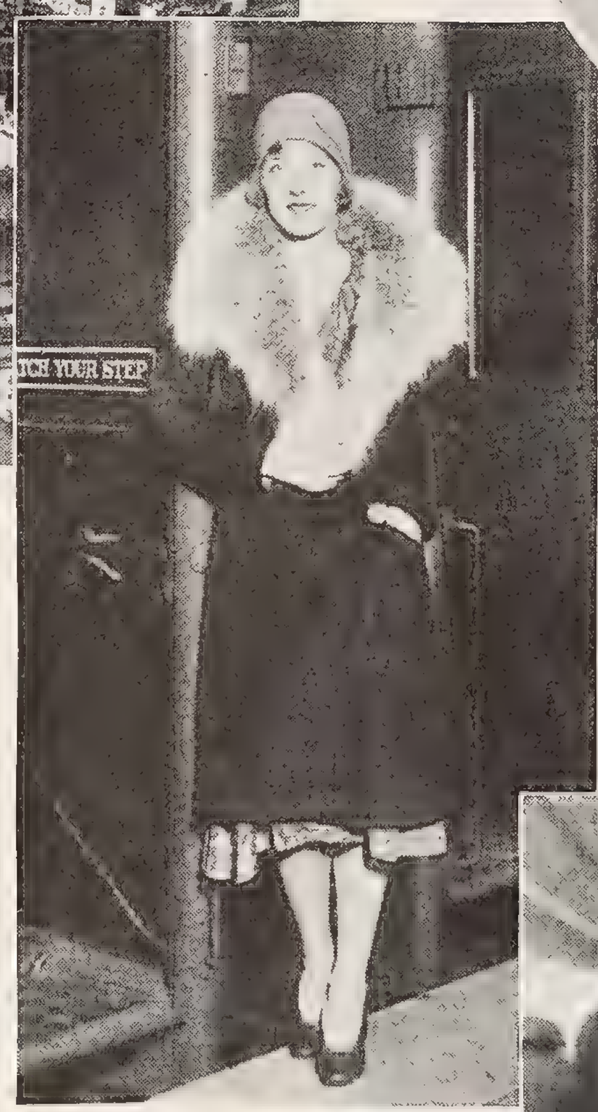
Sitting down in a big chair with one foot curled under her, Colleen talked about her recent trip to Montreal. She went there to see an old friend, Sister Ignatia, who taught her to play the piano when she was a little girl in a convent down South.

"It's funny, you know," Colleen said, "as much as I love jazz, I can't play it. I can only play classical things. But I love them, too. And recently, when I finished my last picture, I spent two grand days all alone at home, doing nothing but practicing Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. But I didn't learn it quite. It's awfully difficult, I discovered.

"We're having a splendid time here in New York," the star continued. "Last night we had dinner with James Montgomery Flagg, the painter, and his wife. Flagg has the most beautiful daughter I ever saw. I'd like to kidnap her. I didn't know there could be such beauty on this earth until I looked at that three year old girl. She's like a gold and white angel—absolute physical perfection.

"I've been reading a lot lately, too. I try to keep on learning, although when you make pictures so fast there's little time. I love to read biographies of people who have accomplished big things—like Peter of Russia and Napoleon and Goethe. But most of all I love Donn Byrne, the Irish writer, who died so suddenly last year, in an automobile crash. How I should love to make a picture of his 'Blind Raftery,'—you know the story of the blind harp-

Fairchild Aerial Surveys Inc., N. Y. C.



Colleen Moore spent much of her vacation time in New York visiting art galleries and renewing acquaintance with artist friends.

Left: Catherine Dale Owen, the beautiful blonde, came back to Broadway for a visit after her screen triumphs in California.

Below: Ina and Jack, as they returned from their honeymoon. The Claire-Gilbert alliance proved a boon to ship news photographers!

YORK

By Anne Bye

ist who loved a woman that the world condemned. I'd like to make 'Madame Butterfly' too. That's a real *gamin* rôle, only people don't realize it. I like *gamin* rôles. And sophisticated parts, too. In 'Footlights and Fools' I was a little sophisticated but I'll have to wait to see how my movie friends like it."

Colleen has a tremendous love of art. Among her New York friends she numbers many celebrated artists and spends much of her time here visiting galleries and inspecting paintings in private exhibits.

"I've had a grand time window shopping," Colleen said. "But so far all I have bought is one hat!"

Of all the stars, Colleen impresses me as being one of the most sincere and most womanly. She is absolutely without pretense. And the fame and money she has earned have only intensified her fineness of character and her understanding of the comedy and tragedy of life.

* * *

Up at the Savoy-Plaza, slim Charlie Farrell was having the time of his life, on his first trip to New York.

"I'm crazy about New York," Charlie said, twisting his lank hair around his long fingers. "I never believed I could have such a wonderful time any place. Everybody is simply marvelous to me. And I have met so many different kinds of people—such stimulating people. Sometimes I have a luncheon date with one, a tea date with another, a dinner date with a third, and go to the theater with a fourth. There simply isn't time for all the things I want to do.

"I bought the first silk hat I ever had, here in New York," Charlie exclaimed. "There is no thrill quite like putting on long tails and a silk hat and stepping out! I'm determined to come here often. There's something in the air that peps me up.

"Why, do you know, out in Hollywood, even with the best of intentions, I get in a rut. When the company told me I could come here for the opening, I actually didn't have a thing to wear. I just go around out there in sport clothes and when I got to New York I didn't have any proper shoes at all. I had to go out and buy three pairs!

"I believe the greatest fun I got (*Continued on page* 102)

All dressed up and ready to go, Dorothy Mackaill adds a last touch to her make-up.

A New

By Anne Van Alstyne

Not so long ago, I talked to a director of motion pictures. I don't remember much of what he said about directing pictures, but I do remember what he said about beauty.

"A pretty face is just—a pretty face," he said. "It gets by, but it doesn't get very far. If there's not something underneath, something that shines through, it's not real beauty. Within, without!" he repeated.

That beauty is from within is trite but true. The director of pictures was talking to me about beauty of mind and spirit. I'm talking to you about the beauty that comes from wholesome living and good grooming. I don't believe that even the soul can be beautiful if we don't eat wisely, exercise properly or neglect to cleanse the skin thoroughly.

But after all, it amounts to the same thing. *Fundamentals.* The director, a connoisseur in beauty, spoke of mental health, of beauty of soul that shines through the face and eyes. I'm trying to tell you about physical health and its beautifying effect on skin, hair and figure. And it all works together, doesn't it?—right living, right thinking—the foundation of beauty. It's within.

Now, let's treat this question of fundamentals a bit seriously, girls, because it *is* serious. Whether you want to catch a beau or get a job or keep your husband good looks are an asset. You all admit that. And you *can* be good-looking. The beauty that comes from wholesome living and good grooming, every girl may have.

Creams and skin tonics help very materially. Powder and rouge cleverly applied do wonders. We couldn't possibly get along without them. But a healthy skin, sparkling eyes and live, lustrous hair come from the foundation. And the ingredients that hold this foundation together are health, intelligence and good common sense. Therefore, our success in maintaining a high quality of balance before all men is largely dependent on how we work, play, sleep, and how and what we eat.

Think of this, girls, before you decide to order an ice-cream soda and chocolate eclair for luncheon, and nibble surreptitiously or openly at rich candies all afternoon so you have no appetite for fresh vegetables or wholesome food of any kind at dinner. Also when you dance four nights out of six and tumble into bed without troubling to wash your face and dash out in the morning after a cup of strong black coffee, totally ignoring the fresh fruit juice and crisp toast so carefully prepared for you.

And here's something else: the people whom you most

Esther Ralston takes time to protect her blonde locks with a towel before removing her make-up.

'SKIN GAME'!

Every Girl May Have the Beauty That Comes from Good Grooming, says Screenland's Exponent of Popularity and Charm

admire are the ones who are most careful about right living. Take the movie stars, for example. Probably in no other quarter of the globe are so many exquisite girls and so many beautiful mature women to be found as in Hollywood. But don't think for one moment that they spend their leisure hours making continuous whoopee. They can't afford to. The movie stars, more than any other class of people, I believe, realize that they must keep themselves physically fit if they are to retain their charm and vim and the strength to do their work. And any one of them would tell you, as they have told me many times, that regular living combined with a tranquil, contented state of mind are the real, lasting beautifiers.

Now it's all settled that external treatments alone will not give you the good looks you long to have. Suppose, now, you take stock of yourself. Sit down before your mirror in the clear, searching light of day. What do you see? A sallow, lifeless skin, large pores, pimples and blackheads, dull, heavy eyes? If so, it's a dead give-away. It means that you do not rid yourself of all the poisons of the body; that your blood is poorly circulated and impure; that the pores and skin glands are sluggish. External treatments help to correct this as I shall explain later. But you must begin at the beginning. From within! Improve your elimination, and your circulation. Get the poisons out of your system. Your skin needs nourishment. It may have it from good blood well circulated.

Before this mirror which magnifies every feature Janet Gaynor achieves an artistic and individual make-up.

Doris Hall studies her reflection with an eye to the gentle art of accenting her natural beauty.

If you don't eat the right foods, if the digestion is faulty, occasional constipation becomes habitual. In the effort to rid itself of instructing secretions the system forces into the ducts of the skin matter that clogs the pores, yellows the complexion and dulls the luster of the eyes. Usually, every blemish on your skin is poison which your body is trying to get rid of. There is but one cure for faulty elimination, and that is to get at the cause. Nine cases out of ten, that cause is lack of bulk in foods.

There has been much furor about diet the past few years. Ever since the straight slim dresses came in and we had to make ourselves the right size to fit them—or since the slim straight figure became the vogue and we had to dress to fit it—which (Continued on page 99)

A New Girl

Dorothy Jordan is the Latest Newcomer from the Stage to Make Good in Pictures

By Joseph Howard

She's only twenty years old, with a soft Southern voice and this smile. Welcome, Dorothy Jordan!

THE wonder of Balboa when his eyes first saw the Pacific, the gaping mouth of a comedian who has just been hit with a pie, these are as nothing when compared to the surprise with which Hollywood's isolated and startlingly unworldly citizens learned that stage people are just as regular as persons in any other walk of life. Sound pictures are firmly established and the motion picture players have been in amicable or not-so-amicable contact with stage actors for a number of months; but Hollywood's astonishment at the fact that a New York stage actor can be a 'regular fellow' and a Broadway actress 'a good egg' or 'sweet kid' has not yet faded.

Dorothy Jordan can be classed in Hollywood's free-and-easy vernacular as 'a sweet kid.' She came to Hollywood with the most laudatory advance notices. Press agents burned out the bearings of their type machines in their efforts to tell of this musical comedy star who was about to bedazzle the eyes of the Camera Coast. And, then they found out that the little, five-foot-two-inch player that brightened the casts of "Treasure Girl" and "Funny Face" was just a sweet kid with a Tennessee drawl and one of the most engaging grins ever unleashed before a camera. Some of the Hollywood dwellers were even disappointed that she wasn't high-hat and stagey in the way they had expected all stage players should be.

"They all seem to think I'm joking," Dorothy said, in a leisure moment on the set where she is working as Ramon Novarro's leading lady in "Devil-May-Care," "when I say that I'm Dorothy Jordan. They seem to expect some majestic person with a lot of dignity, temperament and poise. They don't seem to realize that it's just as easy for a girl to be successful on the stage at twenty as it is for a girl of the same age to be a star in motion pictures. Why, even Greta Garbo isn't more than a couple of years older than I. She made her first success when she was my age. But, still they don't seem able to grasp the fact that stage success is no more difficult than screen success if you are properly equipped." (*Continued on page* 97)

Ramon Novarro and his new leading lady, Dorothy Jordan, in "Devil-May-Care," a Napoleonic romance and Ramon's first all-talking film.

A New Boy

Hollywood Hails Robert Montgomery as an Ingratiating Young Actor of Real Promise

By Keith Richards

It's great to be born wealthy but it's tough to have wealth torn away from you before you are old enough to really enjoy it.

Likewise, a boy who has known money, and then is forced back to poverty, really deserves more credit than one who has always been poor, when he triumphs over adversity and climbs to success.

These two paragraphs epitomize the life of Robert Montgomery, a slim 25 year old lad with laughing brown eyes who is one of the 'big shots' among the new faces which have come to Hollywood in the wake of talking pictures.

Eight years ago he and his brother rushed from fashionable prep schools to the side of their dying father, president of one of America's biggest rubber companies.

Robert Montgomery had never done a stroke of work in his life. When the paternal affairs were untangled it was discovered that a fortune had disappeared overnight, and the two boys were penniless.

Today, from that start, young Montgomery has driven himself upwards until now he is repeating on the screen successes scored on the stage during the past four years. In rapid succession he has had four big talking pictures, "Three Live Ghosts," "So This is College," Joan Crawford's "Untamed," and Norma Shearer's "Their Own Desire."

In his short screen career Montgomery has played opposite Joan Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Norma Shearer.

Robert Montgomery is seen and heard as Norma Shearer's leading man in "Their Own Desires," and registers a real success.

He's being talked about. This good-looking boy with the nice smile and the rather unruly brown hair has a personality that has caught on. And, unlike most newcomers to the screen, he isn't starting in small parts. Because of his training on the stage, seventy-two weeks in stock, and such big New York productions as "Possession," "One of the Family," and "Garden of Eden," he is getting talkie leads right off the bat. He's climbing faster than any young man who ever stormed the studio gates of Hollywood, this chap who reverses the usual Horatio Alger formula.

You will recall that the Horatio Alger stories are all about boys who struggle upwards from direst poverty.

Montgomery, however, had (Continued on page 93)

Come *into the* Kitchen

'Sweets from the Sweet'—Recipes which Win Applause from All Consumers

Dessert in Mary Brian's home is often the result of several dough-rolling hours. Here is one of them.

Mary could win a niche in the Cook's Hall of Fame as Hollywood's champion cake, pie and candy maker.

If you can mix a cake that is light and tempting, or can make a pie that is flaky and juicy, your culinary reputation is assured.

This bit of philosophy is offered by Mary Brian to those who harbor yearnings to excel in kitchen calisthenics.

"You may roast a turkey to a crisp, aromatic turn, or whip up an omelet to a cloud of froth, and your skill will go unheralded," advises Mary. "But turn out an angel-food cake that glistens with a white satin frosting, and you will win a niche in the Cooks' Hall of Fame."

Mary admits that the soup, salad and meat courses of the Brian family dinners are served without benefit of her personal touch, but the desserts and candies are often the result of several dough-rolling hours, worked into the few leisure moments of her busy production schedule at the Paramount studios.

"Guests appreciate those four-inch-high variety of cakes, and I like lots of appreciation after an hour or two over mixing bowls and stoves," says Mary.

Well, no doubt she gets it, for who wouldn't appreciate a generous slice of home made pie or a big hunk of cake whether it's plain gingerbread or of the aforementioned four-inch-high variety, especially if prepared by the dainty hands of lovely Mary Brian? Europeans chuckle at our cake-eating proclivities, it is said, but if they could but watch Mary get out her pastry-making utensils and all the delectable materials that goes into the making of a good cake, smell it baking, and then sample it in all its richness, they would no longer wonder that French pastries must always be second in our preferences.

Anyhow, the fragrance of freshly baked pies or cake or a batch of toothsome confection is one of the greetings that await the screen folk when they troop into the Brian home — at least they are always hoping, and usually they're not disappointed.

Another domestic confession made by Mary Brian uncovers the fact that she prefers to cook for men, only. Her brother, Taurrence, is the cause for this preference, as it is his generous flattery that sends Mary into the kitchen every Sunday to mix up a platter of pralines or a batch of fondant.

Mary's four favorite recipes are not of the weight-

MARY BRIAN'S

PRALINES

1⅞ cups sugar (powdered)	2 cups pecan meats (cut in pieces)
1 cup maple sugar	½ cup cream

Mix sugar, maple syrup and cream in aluminum basin and boil gently until, when tried in cold water, a soft ball may be formed. Remove from fire, and beat mixture until of a creamy consistency. Add nuts, and drop from tip of spoon in small piles on buttered paper. Pour mixture into a shallow buttered tin and when cool cut in squares, using a sharp knife.

with Mary Brian

By Sydney Valentine

controlling variety, but are guaranteed to win applause from all consumers. They are: sunshine cake, with coffee-whipped-cream frosting, (because this is Taurrence's favorite cake); apple pie, (because it is Taurrence's first choice in pies); cold pineapple souffle, (because this is Taurrence's preference in puddings); pralines, (because Taurrence likes this southern candy best).

"My cooking activities are rather recent. As a child mother could not interest me in the weekly cookie-baking chores. I preferred to play Indian and pirates with my brother and his playmates.

"When we came to California, my brother missed the good old southern pralines. The western confectioners cannot make a praline taste like buttery syrup as the southern ones do. To please Taurrence, I asked a school friend in Texas to send me an old stand-by recipe, but I ruined many pounds of sugar and pecans before I turned out a batch worthy of a public appearance."

Mary's pralines have won studio acclaim since the completion of her recent picture "The Marriage Playground." A small box, made for the six children who worked with her in this production, brought an avalanche of praise from the members of the cast and crew who managed to get a piece.

Mary spent her precious Sundays dur-

(*Continued on page* 111)

Mary says she prefers to cook for men. Well, we know plenty of men who would prefer to have her!

Yes, we have apple pie—fresh from the oven. It's a favorite dessert in the Brian family.

FAVORITE RECIPES

SUNSHINE CAKE

Whites 10 eggs	1 teaspoon lemon extract
1½ cups powdered sugar	1 cup flour
Yolks 6 eggs	1 teaspoon cream-of-tartar

Beat whites of eggs until stiff and dry. Add sugar gradually, and continue beating until mixture is well blended. Add yolks of eggs beaten until thick, then add lemon extract and a few drops of yellow coloring. Sift cream-of-tartar with flour three times. Cut and fold flour into egg and sugar mixture. Pour batter in buttered cake pan and bake forty minutes in moderate oven.

'Dear old golden school-days' on the Fox Movietone lot. Work for filmdom's little folks doesn't spell release from school by any means.

Charles Rogers, director, Tom Ricketts, Harry Langdon, Fred Guiol and George Stevens manufacturing a gag for "Skirt Shy," Harry's return comedy.

We'll be glad to see Taylor Holmes again. He will appear in an all-talking Christie comedy, "He Did His Best." Taylor always did!

and some of the lessons are taken at the studio in the morning and the three of them have lunch together afterwards in the dressing room.

The practicing had gone on for quite some time one morning, and Cecil De Mille looked up from the patio of his office bungalow, where he had striven for an hour to wade through a manuscript. "Who was it," he sighed, "who said that sound was to be the salvation of motion pictures?"

* * *

Winnie Sheehan visited Victor McLaglen on the set not long ago. "It's wonderful, Vic, how many singing voices this sound picture business has discovered, Janet Gaynor has a voice—Charlie Farrell has a voice—"

"Yeah?" said Vic, starting to brace himself.

"*You* haven't a voice, I suppose—have you, Vic?"

"No, sir, I have *not!*" exploded Vic. "And I'm packing up for parts unknown before I'm asked to produce one, what's more."

But a few days afterwards Victor was invited to a dinner party. He went. Winnie Sheehan was there, too. After an excellent dinner a few of the guests found themselves around the piano, somehow, and started warbling a ridiculous thing called, *The Duke of Kackiack*. Before he knew what he was doing, Vic was at the piano, too, singing at the top of his lungs with the rest of them.

"By Jove," said Mr. Sheehan, "why don't you sing that in 'Hot for Paris?' (Vic's next picture for Fox.) It would be a corking number."

The six feet something or other of Victor McLaglen looked down at the five feet and little over of Winnie Sheehan with beetling brows and lightning in his eyes.

"Nothing doing!" he said, "I'm packing up tomorrow."

But Mr. Sheehan won. After all, it was kind of fun to sing the foolish thing!

* * *

Who says directors have no memory? Ten years ago John Robertson directed "The Bright Shawl." In the cast was one Eddie Robinson who has been in just two pictures since then. When he was casting "Deadline" with Joseph Schildkraut as star, Mr. Robertson needed a heavy. None of the general Hollywood names seemed to click and all of a sudden Eddie Robinson popped into his mind. In less time than it takes to write it, Eddie had signed on the dotted line in New York and was on the train bound for Hollywood.

* * *

On Bessie Love's recreation porch is a desk. Bessie loves to write. She thinks it is the ideal vocation and when she is 'all washed up' in pictures, as she puts it, she wants to enter the scribbler's field in earnest. She tells, in a little book she keeps for her notes, anecdotes of things that she thinks are interesting, not so much with an eye to the future as to give herself present enjoyment. It interests her to see how many different ways a story can be told—a word here and there changes the whole sense and obscures the true meaning.

"You can travel all over the world, if you are a writer, and take your work along with you,"

said Bessie.

"Just so you keep in touch with your publisher," added a cynic. Bessie laughed.

"Yes, I suppose one mustn't forget the publisher if one is a writer."

We hope Bessie will get her heart's desire, but we don't think pictures will ever be through with Bessie.

* * *

Both Sue Carol and Nick Stuart got a little tired of all the publicity given them about their engagement, I guess—anyhow, although they are still going together, they have decided not to be engaged!

* * *

The youngest vaudeville headliner, Mitzi Green, made such a hit with Paramount in "The Marriage Playground" that the big boss signed the youngster to a long-term contract. Mitzi is eight years old and the first child to be offered a contract by this firm.

* * *

Ken Maynard, thinking his fans would like to see a Pedelton Rodeo, has decided to put one in a picture just for the sake of the boys and girls who can't make the trip to Oregon. Ken's a swell rider; never has had a double for his stunts.

* * *

Gary Cooper is making a hurried trip to New York and will stop off at New Mexico on the return trip to find some frontiersman who owns picturesque clothes that will at the same time fit him, for his new picture. It will be a western. On his way to New York he took in the old home town of Grinelle, Iowa, for a college reunion; and from there flew to Marshalltown, Iowa, to see Estelle Taylor's vaudeville act. Estelle and Lupe Velez are great friends, you know, and it wouldn't surprise me much if Gary hadn't taken in the act just to give Lupe some first-hand information of how her friend is going over. They say Estelle is a wow. Of course, Lupe is in Florida doing a picture for Inspiration, and Florida isn't exactly on the way to New Mexico from New York, but what's a few miles this way or that in this flying age, particularly when a boy's sweetheart beckons?

* * *

In "The Vagabond King," starring Dennis King, there will be seen William H. Taylor, probably the oldest picture actor in the business. He numbers 101 years. And he's a bachelor. "If I weren't, I'd have been dead long ago," he says with a chuckle. Not that he has anything against the women, but double harness is just awfully hard pulling.

* * *

An Oklahoma elocution teacher wanted to get into pictures. She took a secretarial position as a means to attain her goal. This isn't always a success; sometimes you just stay a secretary, but this aspirant to fame picked Charlie Chaplin as her boss. And Charlie is a good sport when it comes to helping a worthy traveler. Her first chance came in Charlie's picture, "A Woman of Paris," and she's been going along nicely ever since. She is a character actress. Her name is Nellie Bly Baker and you will see her as *Beedle* in "The Bishop Murder Case."

There's nothing wrong with their figures! When not busy with algebra or square root in the class-room these girls are working at the Fox studios.

Barbara Leonard, a new ingenue of the screen, at home. The girl so carelessly 'ace-ing' Barbara's king is Mrs. James Murray.

Chez Lola Lane! An intimate glimpse of the Fox player in her charming old-world home on a hill-top in Hollywood.

The answer to: "What's become of Aileen Pringle?" Pringie is very much present opposite Hugh Trevor in "Night Parade." Yes, that's a blonde wig she is wearing; and most becoming, too.

Eve Southern is another actress who likes to write. As Elva McDowell, her own name, she barged into Hollywood from her dad's Texas ranch with a cowboy story which she sold to Bill Hart. She also played a bit in the picture. D. W. Griffith thought she ought to change her name and as long as it was his idea Eve, or Elva as she was then, told him he would have to choose another for her, because she liked so many names it would be hard for her to decide. So, because of her soft, drawling voice, he picked 'Southern' for her last name and when she appeared on the set in costume—the picture was "Intolerance"—he named her Eve. Now don't misunderstand us, *please!* Elva had plenty of clothes on, although you would never have missed them if she had appeared in her birthday suit, because her hair reached below her knees, so thick it covered her as completely as a blanket, and of the most gorgeous titian coloring you ever saw. Why some producer didn't star Eve in those days remains one of the mysteries of Hollywood. We all know now that she can act, and she has enough beauty for half a dozen stars. But life is like that. Anyhow, Eve plays *Pearl* in Corinne Griffith's latest, "Lilies of the Field," directed by Alexander Korda.

* * *

James Gleason can't see why people keep screaming about what a failure the modern woman is. He thinks if the men had come across with *their* side of the bargain one hundred percent, the women would always have been satisfied to stay in the home. But when the girls found they had to worry about the family budget as well as keeping the home cheerful for Papa, it gave them ideas. And the funny part of it is that in two or three generations they have, through sheer efficiency, put men right out of many a job. And what's more, they have found it possible to take care of the repopulation of the race. Jimmy hasn't checked up on it, but he just wonders whether the census takers have found less people in the world at the last accounting that were found fifty years ago.

"After you, my dear Wesley!" "After you, my dear Charles!" The Ruggles brothers indulged in a little friendly argument when Wesley, director, visited Charlie, actor, on the set.

* * *

Natalie Moorhead is a beautiful blonde you should keep your eye on. Those who split their sides over "The Baby Cyclone" two or three years ago in New York will remember Natalie; and since coming to Hollywood she has found all doors swinging open for her. She has "Thru Different Eyes," "The Girl from Havana," "A Cup of Tea," and "The Green Ghost" to her credit; and now she is in "Spring is Here" at First National, directed by John Francis Dillon. Natalie is one of those lucky people who don't have to worry about calories. "No matter what I eat I stay the same weight," she said the other day at the studio commissary. But Natalie is still very young and maybe that's one reason.

"That's my new statue of Joe Gans," explains sculptor Mahonri Young to Stepin Fetchit. "Wha's that?" says Stepin. "Oh—oh, yassah!"

It may be another twenty years before she will have to do a sister act with a weighing machine.

* * *

Juliette Compton is another girl you want to watch. She is as dark as Natalie is fair. Juliette's first American picture was for Tiffany-Stahl; "Woman to Woman" with Betty Compson starring. Now she has been signed for a fine part with Harry Richman in a film which United Artists has already put into rehearsal.

* * *

It hasn't at this writing been decided whether Eddie Lowe will really play in the next United Artists Dolores Del Rio starring picture or not. Just a little matter of credits and proper places which has to be worked out satisfactorily to all concerned before the idea jells. After Edmund Lowe's list of brilliant achievements and box office records, there isn't any reason why he shouldn't take as big a bow on the billboards as even the beautiful Dolores. Do you think so?

* * *

"It's a Great Life," formerly "Cotton and Silk," the first picture with the Duncan Sisters under the MGM banner, proved such a wow that Metro has been trying for a week to sign the two Scotch lassies to a five-year contract. But while the girls were very happy at Metro, they think five years is a long time to stay in one place, not with one firm, but in one place, even though that place is their dearly loved and native California. The girls are used to the smell of the grease paint and the theater—hustling over the country, every inch of which they love—seeing hundreds of enthusiastic laughing faces in front of them as they cut their funny capers; and these things they miss in pictures. Five years is a long time to stay away from the trouping they adore. We are waiting now to hear what they have decided. A contract will certainly be signed, but not for so long a period of time if the girls can help it.

Connie Lewis, Lois Wilson's younger sister, has ambitions to crash the studio gates. She has Lois' full approval but won't accept big sister's help. Connie is in "No, No, Nanette."

Those naughty girls, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, are up to some new deviltry, we'll be bound. They're hilariously funny in "Dangerous Females." What a team!

Edwin Carewe, United Artists producer-director, has transferred his interest in Dolores Del Rio's starring film contract to Feature Productions, Inc., a subsidiary of United Artists.

Four years ago, Mr. Carewe introduced the Mexican actress to the screen and he has guided her screen work ever since. Her elevation to stardom followed production of "Resurrection," which also marked Mr. Carewe's debut as an United Artists producer and director. "Ramona," "Revenge," and "Evangeline" have followed. The sale of his activities in this contract will enable the veteran producer to broaden his activities, and plans for the production of five talking pictures from stories selected by Mr. Carewe are well under way. He may make some pictures abroad.

A luncheon on the "Show of Shows" set, with Jack Warner at head of table and Ben Turpin at the foot. Select your own celebrities!

The Best Lines of the Month

From "Paris":

Andrew (Jason Robards): "Vivienne speaks English. How do you think I got to know her so well?"

Cora Sabbott (Louise Closser Hale): "I've always understood the French could do a great deal with gestures."

From "A Most Immoral Lady":

Tony (Walter Pidgeon): "Who's your girl friend?"

Laura (Leatrice Joy): "A grass widow who gives all her men friends hay fever!"

From "Why Bring That Up?"

Moran (George Moran): "Why, what's the matter with you?"

Mack (Charles Mack): "Oh, I don't know! The doctor told me to take one pill three times a day but you can't do that!"

From "Marianne":

Stagg (Lawrence Gray): "I'm going to tell you a secret. You know what a secret is, don't you?"

Marianne (Marion Davies): "Something you cannot tell to very many!"

Will Rogers, Irene Rich, and Marguerite Churchill in "They Had to See Paris."

From "They Had to See Paris":

Idy (Irene Rich): "Ross'll learn more in one year in Paris than he would in four years at the university."

Pike (Will Rogers): "That's exactly what I'm scared of!"

¶ Peverell Marley, cinematographer, Cecil B. De Mille, and Kay Johnson examine the famous 'box' out of which have come so many stars.

De Mille's Magic Box

The Story of an Old Camera —but What *a Camera!*

By Charles Carter

MUCH has been said about the number and variety of things which sprang out of a box opened by an inquisitive lady yclept Pandora. Modern science, however, is putting to shame the greatest flights of imagination uttered by the original authors of the ancient Greek myths.

In Hollywood, for instance, there is a box through which has passed over $25,000,000 in cash money.

Out of this box unknown personalities from a score of different states and countries have scampered to become world-renowned figures.

From this modern Pandora container has arisen from a financial shoestring one corporation valued at over $30,000,000; and it has contributed definitely to the success of three other immense institutions.

This mysterious box is Pathé Professional Camera No. 5, veteran of all the thousands of cameras in Hollywood; credited with having photographed more productions, accounted for more dollars of production cost, and the introduction of more great stars, than any other piece of picture-taking mechanism.

Pathé Professional Camera No. 5 is the proud possession of Cecil B. De Mille. While this director now has dozens of cameras, this antique 'box' occupies the place of honor in his collection, housed in a special vault at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with which De Mille is now associated.

It was bought for about $1600 in the fall of 1913. $1600 is not much money in pictures today—but then it was over 20 per cent of the total capital which Cecil De Mille and Jesse L. Lasky collected as the nucleus of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, later to become the main production unit of the now enormous Paramount company.

For a year and a half the new Lasky company had no other camera. Therefore the immediate success of the company traces back to the half a dozen original productions, "The Squaw Man," "The Virginian," "The Call of the North," "What's His Name?" "The Man from Home" and "The Rose of the Rancho"—made at a time when two cameras to a company was an unheard of luxury.

Pathé Professional No. 5 (Continued on page 93)

ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

A boy and a dog! 'Duke' doesn't know that his master is Buddy Rogers, idol of Miss Vee Dee's department; but even if he knew, he'd like him just the same!

VALLIE V. *of Vancouver.* Are you first to tell me my department is a wow? I'd hate to tell you how many are ahead of you with that positive declaration. May McAvoy was born in 1901 and not 1891 as you have been told. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1897, in Logan, Utah. Anita Page is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Yes, it's true that Johnny Mack Brown is married and the proud father of Jane Harriet Brown. I can't give you her weight but she weighs 6 pounds and 6 ounces at this writing.

Pat from Silverdale, Wash. I don't have to turn my heart inside out to show its golden lining. Or is it silver? Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are reported engaged. They appear together in "Girls Gone Wild" and "Chasing Through Europe." Sue plays with Barry Norton in "The Exalted Flapper." Sally Eilers, Thelma Todd, Norman Kerry and Jason Robards play in "Trial Marriage."

Margaret H. of Eugene, Oregon. So you think I am a man because I write like one. Well, well, and I have always tried to impress the fans with my lady-like wisdom! Carol Lombard, whose real name is Jane Peters, was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Oct. 6, 1909. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. Her latest film is "The Racketeer" with Robert Armstrong. Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1910. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her name is pronounced Loo-pay Velayz.

Jamie C. of Jackson, Miss. You're crazy about me, are you? Run along now, this isn't an insane asylum but a corner on information, by mail, wire, radio or the latest silent device. Lewis Stone was born Nov. 15, 1878 at Worchester, Mass. He has grey hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 10¾ inches tall and weighs 174 pounds. The dignified Lewis never had a better rôle than *Stephen Trombolt in* "Wonder of Women" with Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. You can reach him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Leota B. of Deadwood, S. D. Heart of the Hills. Is it b'ars or gold you have in them hills? David Rollins was born Sept. 2, 1909 in Kansas City, Mo. He has blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. He appears in "Fox Movietone Follies" and is on contract to Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Arthur Lake was born in Corbin, Ky. in 1909. He is 6 feet tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. You can write to him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Just Me from Wallace, Idaho. You think you'd like my job, oh boy and how, do you? Think you could put your finger on about 10,000 players with stage stars jumping into the lime light every day. You don't know the half of my job. Husbands and wives line up for inspection—Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton. John Gilbert and Ina Claire. William Boyd and Elinor Faire. Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky. Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. Maurice Cleary and May McAvoy. George Webb and Esther Ralston. Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.

Kitty W. of Edmonton, Alberta. My department seems to have a definite reason for it's famous chatter this month—who's married to who and why not? Janet Gaynor was married to Lydell Peck on Sept. 11. Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman were married on Aug. 14. Nancy Carroll is Mrs. James Kirkland and Billie Dove is Mrs. Irving Willat.

Bobbie Lee from San Dimas, Cal. Do I blame you for losing sleep over Ramon Novarro? That's a tough break, Bobbie, but I have no advice to offer. We'll see what can be done about having Ramon on a future Screenland cover. He was born Feb. 6, 1900 in Durango, Mexico. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He sings and plays the violin. Was on the stage in 1919 with the Marion Morgan dancers. His latest release is "The Pagan," in which he sings the refrain of *The Pagan Love Song.*

Julia Mae from Baltimore. Pay me all the compliments you like, I'm the one bright idea without the enlarged top-piece. As far as I know, Buddy Rogers is really as sweet and unspoiled as he appears in his pictures. He plays with Mary Brian in "River Romance," a Paramount release and in "Close Harmony" with Nancy Carroll. Barry Norton is to be seen in "Tanned Legs" with Marceline Day. That title may be changed if winter comes. Write to Barry at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cheihe of Lahaina, Hawaii. Am I the Webster of the movies? Quite an idea and who am I to refuse such swell publicity? Richard Talmadge appears in "The Bachelor Club." Some of his older films are "The Speed King," "Lucky Dan," "The Cub Reporter," "Watch Him Step" and "Putting It Over."

Robert G. of Waco, Texas. You have a large bouquet for William Powell—hey, Bill, get a load of this! No one in your estimation can beat him in silent or talking pictures. But who may I ask, wants to beat him? He was born July 29, 1892 in Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown hair and eyes He has been in pictures since 1921, his first role being in "Sherlock Holmes" with John Barrymore. Nancy Drexel, whose name is Dorothy Kitchen was born in New York City on April 6, 1910. Lina Basquette was born in San Mateo, Cal. on April 19, 1907.

Peggy from Wycliffe, B. C. Strongheart, loved by children and grown-ups the world

over, died June 25, 1929. He was 13 years old and was the first animal to attain stardom in the movies. Miss Jane Murfin, well known scenario writer, brought Strongheart to this country 8 years ago. He had been trained in the kennels of the Berlin police department and had a splendid record in the German Red Cross during the World War. Among his best known pictures were, "The Silent Call," "Brawn of the North" and "White Fang." Rex and Tarzan do their film stunts for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

A. from Michigan. I thought I had a corner on all honeyed expressions of admiration but I take my hat off to you. Yeah, I think Anita Page is all you think she is and plus. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. She plays with William Haines in "Navy Blues" and in "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford, Josephine Dunn, Rod La Rocque and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Margaret from Everson, Pa. What do you mean, you're off? We all have our pet raves and Clara Bow happens to be yours. Her next picture is "The Saturday Night Kid" with James Hall and Jean Arthur. Clara is 24 years old and rumor has it that she is wearing a gorgeous square cut diamond on the third finger of the proper hand. The happy giver none other than Harry Richman, another Broadway recruit from musical comedy. Janet Gaynor is 23 years old. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Crawford were married on June 3 in New York City.

Bobbie of Walkerton, Ont. You think Screenland is a swell magazine, You're right, we sure go over big as Dr. Eckener said of his trusty Zepp. You can write to Alice Day at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., where she is working in "Little Johnny Jones" with Eddie Buzzell, a Broadway stage favorite. June Collyer is Richard Dix' leading lady in "The Love Doctor" a film from the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Evelyn Brent gets her fan mail at the same

A favorite with Miss Vee Dee's correspondents is the gentle and gifted Mary Brian.

Beautiful Billie Dove has made new friends since the speakies have endowed her with vocal as well as optical charms.

studio. Margaret Livingston can be reached at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree and Raquel Torres at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dolores Del Rio at Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude of Port Arthur, Tex. Will I always answer questions for you? As long as I'm on the job, I'll be your willing slave. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, on Nov. 25, 1897. She has brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. One of her greatest successes was "The Divine Lady" with H. B. Warner and Victor Varconi. Her next picture is "Lillies of the Field."

Max. A. H. of Buffalo, Wyoming. Drop your bashfulness, throw your eyes this way and take your place with the other fans. Greta Garbo's latest release is "The Single Standard." John Gilbert has signed another long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Esther Ralston was *Mrs. Darling* in "Peter Pan" and Betty Bronson was *Peter.*

Pebbles from Keyport, N. J. As one Sophomore to another, I accept your pity but what shall I do with it? Clive Brook was 38 years old on June 1. He plays with Olga Baclanova in "A Dangerous Woman" and with Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady." Norma Shearer was born Aug. 10, 1904. Her new picture is "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" with Basil Rathbone, the handsome Broadway leading man. You can write to Lupe Velez at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Lupe is to be seen in "Tiger Rose" made famous on the stage by Lenore Ulric.

The Orchid from New Haven, Conn. Join the Orchid Every Day Club and find a glorious bloom out side your door every morning. That's service for you. Colleen Moore was 27 years old on Aug. 19, 1929. She has been in pictures since 1917. Janet Gaynor will be seen in "Budapest" for her next release. Buddy Rogers' new film is "Half Way to Heaven."

E. H. G. of Chicago. Does your movie book belong to the silent or loud speaking variety? Not that it matters. Eleanor Boardman was born in Philadelphia, Pa. on Aug. 19, 1898. She has light brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6½ inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She is the wife of King Vidor, the director. She is in "Redemption" with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. She also plays in "She Goes to War." "The Crowd" was written and directed by King Vidor and the cast follows; Eleanor Boardman, James Murray, Bert Roach, Estelle Clarke, Freddy Fredericks, Lucy Beaumont, Daniel Tomlinson and Del Henderson.

Daisy of No. Canterbury, Kent, England. Do I think you're silly to want to be a pantomimist? You are not alone with your ambitions—many American girls crave to be seen and heard on the screen. I wouldn't call it silly, rather a mistaken idea of the easy life of a celebrity. Hard work, long hours and after achieving success, a short time before the public and then forgotten. Whew! What a sermon. The actresses you ask about are of the English stage and I haven't a record of them.

Cecelia E. from Brooklyn. Do I have a flock of little birds working for me to secure all the first hand information that I pass on to you? Ever hear of the dodo birds? Well, that's the answer. George O'Brien, one of the most wholesome of our screen players was born in 1900 in San Fransisco, Cal. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His four years of work in pictures make a list of films too long for print in my department. His new picture is "Salute" with Helen Chandler, Joyce Compton, Frank Alberson and the colored cut-up, Stepin Fetchit.

V. M. of Pottsville, Pa. You don't owe me anything for information—this is a gift both pure and simple. Help yourself. Paul Page can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He was born May, 13, 1903 in Birmingham, Ala. He appears in "Speakeasy" and his last one, "Protection" with Dorothy Burgess and Robert Elliott.

Conrad Nagel has long been popular but his splendid voice has increased his following.

Pauline V. of Flatbush. Nils Asther is the merry heigh-ho in my mail box this month and now, Nils, I hope you're satisfied. He was born Jan. 17, 1901 in Malmo, Sweden. He is 6 feet ½ inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His latest film is "The Single Standard" with Greta Garbo, Dorothy Sebastian and John Mack Brown. Not so long ago in Hollywood, Greta stood in line with the rest of the mob to see her own picture, "Single Standard." I'm not kidding, that's my story and I'll stick to it.

Miss G. from Olathe, Kansas. Buddy Rogers' home town just as sure, as I'm the big pretzel weaver from station WHIZ! Have you any more big boys like our prize star movie actor down there? Now don't tell me, I know. The winner of SCREENLAND'S Masked Cover Contest was announced in the May issue on page 32. To be exact, Miss Margaret Viola Davie, 3130 East Overlook Road, Cleveland, Ohio, was the lucky lady. Robert Ellis was born in New York City. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage for 10 years in musical comedy and in stock before going into picture work. He has appeared in "Ladies Must Live," "For Sale," "Montmartre," "Varsity," "Freedom of the Press," and lately "Broadway." Bob has been handed a nice fat contract by Universal as a reward for his splendid work as the villain in Universal's prize talkie version of "Broadway." Vera Reynolds is Mrs. Robert Ellis.

M. E. L. of Milford, Conn. Do I give the correct dates on birthdays and the low-down on all information concerning the movie colony? If this choice bit of slang-uage wasn't out of print, I'd say, I'll tell the world I give such correct birthdates that it hurts. Me for better and bigger birthdays. Kenneth Thompson appears in "Broadway Melody" and in "The Bellamy Trial."

A Friend from Atlantic City. You want me to help you out—most of us would like to be helped in, to your marvelous city. All excited over John Loder's flawless English voice and everything in "The Doctor's Secret," are you? When this young captain gets some good breaks, hold everything! John was born in London, England, 30 years ago. He has brown hair and hazel eyes and weighs 178 pounds. His father is Major-General Sir William Lowe. He made his picture debut—John,

Irene H. of West Brookfield, Mass. Why doesn't Richard Arlen ever 'crack' a smile in his pictures? Haven't you seen that famous smile of his? Look again, Irene, you've missed a lot. Richard, Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll are at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Joan Crawford was married to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in New York City in June. Marian Nixon was born October 20, 1904, in Superior, Wis. Her latest picture is "Young Nowheres" with Richard Barthelmess. Marian's voice registers like everybody's business—swell? I'll say it is. You can write to Janet Gaynor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

C. E. McC. of Baltimore. So I'm to make a date with Loretta Young for you. Thanks for the confidence in my ability but even with a Packard sports roadster, I'm doubtful. Loretta is too busy making pictures at the studio. But I'll give you her address and leave the rest to you: First National, Burbank, Cal., is where she spends her working hours. Her latest film is "The Forward Pass." She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 17 years ago. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Anita Page gets her fan mail at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., but her home address is unknown to me. She was born August 4, 1910, at Murray Hill, L. I. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. Her real name is Anita Pomares.

A Flapper from Los Angeles. Where do all the pretty girls come from? That's something that keeps the boys' girl friends guessing, if you get my meaning. Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Loretta Young are among Hollywood's fairest and prettiest girls. Sally in real life is Betty Jane Young. Loretta is 17 years old and Sally is 19. Loretta's next picture is "The Forward Pass" produced by First National. I hope you'll get an extra large photograph all autographed and everything from her, for your devotion deserves a reward.

Mitzi of Little Rhody. You think every SCREENLAND customer would miss me if I decided to 'go movie'? Never fear, dear reader—as a star, I'd continue to be the world's greatest Answer Lady! Fay Wray was *Mitzi Schrammell* and Dale Fuller was *Frau Katherina Schrammell* in "The Wedding March." You will find Gary Cooper's address elsewhere in this department. Gary was 28 years old on May 7, 1929.

Hollywood Holds Her Own—*Continued from page 27*

Rich give such a notable performance in "They Had to See Paris?" Simply because Irene knows her camera; she knows lighting problems and respects them (and oh, how the juicers love her for it!); she knows the different make-ups for different occasions. (One does not make up the same for a desert sequence in the blazing sun as one would for a softly lighted interior); she knows, from long experience, her angles—whether she should turn full-face or three-quarters in a semi-closeup; and above all, she knows how to act and talk naturally — she has no stage training or conventionalities to overcome. Lubitsch says that her quarrel scene with Will Rogers — her 'husband' — is one of the finest things he has seen upon the screen. The critics apparently agree with him.

Then take the case of little Bessie Love. In "The Broadway Melody" she was thrown into competition with a whole raft of 'stage celebrities.' Did she fall down? Not so you could notice it! Without the slightest stage training this young lady who began her screen career while still a student in the Los Angeles High School all but stole the show.

And Betty Compson. Her competition was even more acute, for in "On With the Show" she was starred with two stage favorites right from Broadway, and she made them work mighty hard to hold up their end.

Go down the list and note them—Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Larry Gray, Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Charles Farrell, Monte Blue, Conrad Nagel, Sue Carol, Dick Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, Lila Lee —I could go on for a page! Do any of these old and new favorites seem to be headed for the discard?

On the other hand you can name on a full breath the stage stars who give promise of sticking. Do you think any of the Broadway contingent are likely to push Charlie Chase or Laurel and Hardy off the screen?

As for the old character actors who came from the stage years ago and know their screen technique better than any of 'em —well, they are more strongly entrenched than ever. During the first avalanche of Broadway actors many of them were relegated to the sidelines. But what a yell went up from the exhibitors! They didn't know who Harold Timesquare was—they wanted Warner Oland, Tully Marshall, Noah Beery, Jean Hersholt, Mitchell Lewis. And they got 'em. Many contracts with these old timers were not renewed during the grand march of the Broadwayites, and they were picked up by the smaller studios. Now there is a grand rush to get them back. For besides knowing their stuff better than the invaders, they are infinitely better 'box office.'

It has also been interesting to see how these old war-horses have put it over the invaders in the new demands for sound stuff. They have been singing, dancing, playing banjos, reciting, gagging and doing their old stage and vaudeville tricks. And don't think for a minute their fun doesn't stand up with the new Broadway gagging.

Last week I was up playing tennis with Charlie Chaplin. Fred Karno blew in. Fred Karno! — Charlie's old boss in his English music hall days. Charlie hadn't seen him for years. While we were bathing and dressing Charlie and Fred began 'do you remember'-ing. In a few minutes they were doing their old songs, dances and gags—Charlie in less than bvd's and Fred, a bit fat and coatless. Take it from me, if these two old (?) battle-axes should go on with that stuff in a Ziegfeld Follies they'd knock New York over.

But back to our list of survivors. Perhaps the biggest surprise has been Bebe Daniels. Choked up with a perfect deluge of stage stars her studio refused to renew her contract and she was relegated to what in baseball would be called 'the sticks,' the smaller studios. Oh, what a blunder *that* was! In her first picture she just up and knocked 'em for a loop. Her singing in "Rio Rita" is the sensation of the screen.

Nor has the influx of stage directors upset the Hollywood tradition. What big stage directors, for instance, have put over the successes such as are credited to Harry Beaumont, Alan Crosland, William K. Howard, King Vidor and Frank Borzage —to name only a few?

No, dear fans, don't worry one bit about your favorites being lost in the new shuffle. When the game is over you will find the same old names blazing forth in electric lights.

"The Noble King of France—"

Finish the verse yourself. It still holds true.

De Mille's Magic Box—Continued from page 89

photographed all of the first forty pictures produced by Cecil B. De Mille, and a dozen or more by other directors. On the last fifteen De Mille productions it has been used at some time or other during their making.

While $25,000,000 is the estimated production cost which has passed through the slow and old-fashioned F. 3.5 lens of the box, this amount would undoubtedly be doubled if it were possible to compute the fortunes made by stars who rose to fame through it.

The Marquise de Falaise, for instance, (Gloria Swanson) thought $75 a week an amazing salary when she came from bathing girl comedies to play the lead in "Don't Change Your Husband."

A test was made by this camera of a bit-player in "The Birth of a Nation." The result was the signing of Wallace Reid for leading rôles opposite Geraldine Farrar —and the start of the most meteoric and tragic career in all picture history.

Bebe Daniels, in person, seemed a rather awkward youngster—but the Pandora's box of the movies demonstrated that she had a remarkable screen personality. From barely more than a bit in "Male and Female" the black-haired Bebe has soared to the luxury of town cars and a home at an exclusive beach where land is valued at dollars to the inch rather than the foot.

Half the weight and size of the present modernized cameras, and with one-fourth their convenience and range of action, Pathé Professional Camera No. 5 is responsible for some of the greatest technical advances which movies have known.

Credited with being one of the first bits of 'effect lighting' in films is a scene with Raymond Hatton in "The Warrens of Virginia." Mary Pickford and Jack Holt were the principals of "The Little American" in which the camera participated in the first use of artificial lights to film a night scene at sea (the sinking of the Lusitania). It likewise participated in the first successful camera to 'spot' color at will on a picture scene (the illuminated jewel in "The Devil Stone").

Made on one of the basic patents of picture-making Pathé Professional Camera No. 5 has only fundamentals in common with the present machines. Where its cost was $1600, your modern outfit, with all lenses, motors, sound recording equipment, etc., runs its cameraman about $6000.

"If cameras had cost that much in 1913 there would have been no Lasky company!" drily remarked Cecil B. De Mille, whose first picture, "The Squaw Man," cost $15,000—and brought the financial shoestring of the tiny new concern almost to the breaking point.

Today four lenses can be changed on a modern camera in less than five seconds.

In 1913 it was a fifteen minute job to put on a new lens. Therefore, the majority of the 6,000,000 feet of film exposed by the old camera ran past a 2 inch F. 3.5 lens, just one-half as fast as the lightning quick F.2 lenses now employed.

As an example of the rapid advances made in camera equipment let it be said that where Gloria Swanson required eight lights for a scene in "Male and Female" Mr. De Mille needed but four spots of illumination for the photographing of Kay Johnson in a similar set-up of "Dynamite" which De Mille has just finished at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (Yes, we *are* drawing a parallel between the bath-tub scenes of these two pictures—made 12 years apart!)

Names have been given of a half a dozen celebrities whom Pathé No. 5 introduced to film fame—but there are scores more. It met Thomas Meighan, for instance, in "Kindling"; Julia Faye in "The Woman God Forgot"; Florence Vidor, "Old Wives for New"; Noah Beery, "The Whispering Chorus"; Lew Cody, "Don't Change Your Husband"; William Boyd, an extra, "Why Change Your Wife"; Agnes Ayres, "Forbidden Fruit"; "Fool's Paradise"; Conrad Nagel, Jacqueline Logan, Mildred Harris; "Saturday Night," Leatrice Joy; "The Ten Commandments," Rod La Rocque.

Blanche Sweet, Rita Jolivet, Victor Moore, Bessie Barriscale, Dustin Farnum, Theodore Roberts, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kosloff, Elliott Dexter, Ina Claire, Marie Doro, Mae Murray, Wanda Hawley, Helen Jerome Eddy, Bryant Washburn and Marjorie Daw are still other famous faces first photographed by the busiest camera filmdom has known.

It doesn't work so much now, this Pathé No. 5. It is old-fashioned in relation to the highly modern cameras which can do everything but mix you an ice cream soda. It can't do some of the very involved trick stuff now demanded, but its fundamental picture-making quality is nowhere impaired.

So it is that Cecil De Mille religiously uses it at some point in every picture he makes, and it is his intention to do so until the antiquated wooden box folds up from old age, the ravages of wood-eating termites—or what have you.

When the box fails De Mille will remove the Karl Zeiss lens and put it in the safest safe deposit vault he can find. For it will be the one imperishable reminder of the sturdy outfit which stood by him when he was pioneering in pictures—and which has made him a fortune beyond his fondest early dreams.

A New Boy—Continued from page 77

seventeen years of the most de luxe sort of life before Fate handed him a 'sock on the nose.'

He grinned when I talked to him about it.

"I was well on my way to being a very agreeable, well-mannered, more or less useless rich man's son," he said. "At that time my dad's death was a dreadful tragedy but the financial failure was the best thing that could have happened to me.

"The saving thing about our situation was that we had been taught not to despise work. We had never had to do anything, but dad had always jumped on any tendency we showed towards snobbishness. So when the crash came my brother and I just looked at each other, and the next day we applied for a job at the nearest railroad yard as mechanic's helpers.

"After four months I went on a long cruise in the Standard Oil tanker, 'Caddo.' When I got back I roomed with a boy named Steve Janney, who was recently killed. He was in the show business, and inside of two weeks he had talked a friend into giving me a chance in 'The Mask in the Face,' a William Faversham production. I did seven different characters in this piece, for five dollars a week each, or thirty-five dollars. Then followed seventy-two weeks in stock, a tremendous experience, and then Broadway again!"

A succinctly stated story, but one which would be all the more remarkable to you if you could see this youngster face to face. He doesn't look at all like one who has worked blindingly hard to achieve a success. In fact, his *Biff* in "So This is College" is Robert Montgomery to the life; a vivid, very modern, very self-possessed, very charming young American. To all appearances he has never had a care in the world.

But let him state his philosophy of life.

"I don't know whether I would recommend my experience for all youngsters," he said. "Certainly I frequently regret that I had to pass up four years in the big university for which my father had entered me when I was still a baby. Also there were many times when I came, through inexperience, mighty near to making mistakes which might have ruined my life. It is safest to take the college route, to be under discipline during formative years. There is no doubt of that. On the other hand the school of life is a forcing school. Through sheer necessity you plunge along faster, if you get the right start. If you can keep your head, college can be dispensed with. But it is a great gamble. My boy, if I have one, will go to college. I wouldn't want to take the chances with his life that I did with mine."

Sounds like an old graybeard, doesn't he?

At twenty-five he has packed more into a life than most men accomplish in fifty years.

Between seventeen and his present age he has fought, and won, the most difficult personal battle he will ever have.

You can take your hat off to Robert Montgomery, who became a stage star, and is attaining stellar rank on the screen, despite the early handicap of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

He remembers with pleasure his carefree days; but he looks forward with even keener anticipation to the time when he can enjoy luxurious living again—this time on the money won by the magic of his work as a creative artist.

He was a nice young lad of seventeen, that son of a rubber magnate. But he's a far more powerful personality at twenty-five as *Biff* in "So this is College" and *Andy McAllister* in "Untamed."

"I had only had my chance in 'The Mask in the Face' two days when I knew that acting was what I always wanted to do," he told me. "I wanted to progress as rapidly as possible, so I inquired of older actors. They said, 'Go out in stock,' and I did. In seventy-two weeks I did seventy-two different characters in seventy-two different plays, and over fifty of them were old men! This character work, and the whole variety of experience, was my 'college,' the only college I have had in the show business. That sort of thing is hard work, but it all seems rosy in retrospect, particularly as I seem to be getting ahead."

Can Beauty Be Hand-Made? — *Continued from page 25*

The patient rests a half hour. Then I'm through and what has happened?

"Because of massage, blood is circulating as it should through the body. Cheeks are pink. Eyes begin to shine. The person feels new energy, new life. They can go out and do day's job whereas before I began they were all in.

"Four things my clients must do. If they won't follow instructions, I don't treat them. First, they must cut down on sweets and starches. No fancy desserts or potatoes and very little bread—and that whole wheat or rye or dark bread of some kind. Second, no liquor. Absolutely not. Third, they must eat lots of fruit. All kinds of fruit. Even fruit with sugar in it. Fourth, all poisons of body must be eliminated regularly every twenty-four hours.

"It is easy to understand," Sylvia continued, "why screen stars need stimulation and recreation of massage. They have so little time for tennis and golf. All day and sometimes all night they stand in front of those terrible lights. Their expressions get set, stiff. And there comes time when they want to relax muscles and can't. That's where Sylvia comes in!

"And now I tell you about some of my pet stars.

"One night I get home—I had treated fifteen clients that day—my usual average, and I was tired. The telephone ring. It was Mae Murray's dancing partner. He say, 'Sylvia, Alice White—she want you tonight.'

"I tell him I can't go. I spend evening with my boys. I have two sons, you know. He say, 'You got to go for me.' So I call taxi and go up to Alice's.

"At that time, Alice was a little Peter Rabbit, a little roly poly. She had been working hard with no time for exercise. She was making five hundred dollar a week. Now she make three thousand. I go to her house and Alice having bridge party. I wait ten minutes. Nothing happen. I wait twenty, half hour, hour. I say, 'Look here, Miss White, I busy woman. I treat you now or I must go home.'

"Alice laugh, excuse herself from bridge table. And I give her treatment. Such treatment. I rub. I hammer. Alice was good sport. She don't say nothing.

"But next day she don't telephone for me to come again. I think: 'Aha, I'm too much for that one. She want one of these gentle strokers — these persons who won't help that roly poly a bit.' A week go by. Then one night I hear gentle voice over telephone: 'Sylvia, will you come please?'

"'Who this?' I say.

"'Alice White,' she answer.

"Then I ask: 'You didn't like me? You try somebody else?'

"'No, I didn't like you at first,' she confess, 'but I try somebody else and they not so good. Will you come?'

"So I go. . I been there nearly every day since. And now you see Alice in 'Broadway Babies.' She's wonderful. Thin. Clear-cut chin line. Slim legs. Slim waist and hips. Ah, I work over Alice! I work hard. We get along fine now. She gave me these pajamas I have on."

Sylvia was wearing lovely heliotrope pajamas trimmed with green buttons and frogs with her name embroidered in green on the pockets. In it she looked just like a little doll, a little mandarin lady doll. Really, Sylvia looks somewhere in her early thirties, and her older son is twenty-six. Count it up yourself.

"How do you keep from getting old?" I asked.

"Ssh, ssh! Never mention that word 'old' either to me or to anybody else, and most of all don't even whisper it to yourself. This is woman's day. She may be old in hours—that is, in hours she spend before the camera, in office, or in housework. But she need never be old in years. Refuse to take notice of birthdays. Let the years glide light over your laughing head. And you keep young always—so long as you work, so long as you laugh, so long as you have one person in the world to love deeply and passionately. To love and to work and to laugh — that's youth!"

"Tell me how you happened to treat Miss Swanson," I asked.

"Well, now, I tell you. Laura Hope Crews—you know Laura, the actress, she one of my clients. She say to me, 'Sylvia, you must come to Gloria. She is tired.'

"'I'm busy till ten o'clock. I full up,' I say.

"'Come after ten then,' Laura answer. And so I go.

"I get to Gloria's house at eleven o'clock at night. Up in Beverly Hills. No Gloria. The butler he take me in a little boudoir. A beautiful little room. All soft divans and pillows. I very tired. I sit down. I fall asleep. I wake up when I hear somebody say: 'Oh, hello!' It was Gloria and it was one o'clock.

"Now Gloria, she is an unusual girl. Very sensitive. She can't bear having people touch her. If she likes you well and good. If not, no hope.

"Gloria was very tired. She had been working on her new picture 'The Trespasser'—the one in which she has made such a hit in London. Fourteen hours a day she work out on that lot. Not only acting before the camera, but singing—and she had never sung before. She helped to re-write the story, she helped to direct. She tried on clothes. She posed for stills. Poor Gloria was worn out. Nervous, tired. I put her in the bed. I start to work. In ten minutes Gloria asleep. Like a baby. So sound as her own little girl Gloria sleeps. And, by the way, if you could see her little girl, you would love her. That child looks so much like her mother it is really funny.

"I treat Gloria all the time now. And I would have gone with her to London. I wanted to. She need me. But then I was under contract to Pathé and I could not leave. But when Gloria came back, I left everything and came to New York to look after her. That's why I'm here now. She is wonderful. So well and pretty and happy now. And she too have had a lot of trouble. But she never talk about it. Gloria is really a princess, a slim princess, a little aristocrat—reserved, dignified, temperamental, lovely.

"Lots of Pathé stars I treat," Sylvia went on. "I tell you now about Ina Claire —Mrs. Jack Gilbert.

"Just before Ina married Jack, Hedda Hopper called me up one morning: 'You must go to Ina Claire. She need you.'

"'I can't,' I say, 'I leave now for studio.'

"'You must. You got to.'

"So I go. I saw Ina years ago in 'Gold Diggers of Broadway,' not the movie, you understand, the stage play. And I know how Ina must look.

"I get to Ina's hotel. She propped up in bed. A hundred pillows behind and beside her. Little silk pillows, lace pillows, satin. She was talking over French telephone, dictating to secretary, telling two maids what to unpack. Clothes, shoes, jewelry, negligees all over place.

"I wait. I wait some more. Finally, I say, 'Miss Claire, I'm busy woman. I have big day's work to do.'

"She looked at me—kind of, kind of—quizzical, you say, as if 'Don't you know I'm the great Claire? Everybody wait for

Doug Fairbanks Jr. and 'Aloysius,' his pet and mascot. Al made his talkie debut in "The Forward Pass."

me.' Then all of sudden, she laugh. How she laugh! And I go to work.

"I never have so much fun with anybody as Ina. She real comedienne. She laugh all time. She crack joke. She make me laugh. So I laugh and I work. I work hard on Ina. I want her to look just like she had five, six years ago when she played 'Gold Diggers.' And now she do.

"I was with her all the time Jack Gilbert was courting her. Every morning I see big bouquets lilies of the valley and yellow roses, big bunches of gardenias with one red rose in the center—oh, the flowers Jack sent! Then one night Ina go to masked ball. And she and John know it's love.

"Jack is an adorable boy. And he is extremely devoted to her. Don't let anybody tell you different. That marriage will last. When they went to Nevada to be married, hardly anybody know. But I know. Then they flew back and I was waiting. But it was late at night. And they tell me to come back tomorrow to wedding breakfast. I come back. I was the only one there at the wedding breakfast. They were like happy children. I cry. No matter what people say, that marriage will go. Ina will help Jack with his talking work and Jack will help Ina with her screen work—and they will be happy. I know it. Some things I feel.

"At Pathé, too, I treat Ann Harding. You know Ann, she play and make big success in 'Paris Bound.' Well, Ann is different from any star I ever saw. She made big stage hit and she come to Hollywood. But she like being housewife better than being star. She crazy about husband and baby. She loves to get on old pair overalls and dig in garden. She don't mind getting her face and hands dirty. She is, I think, the sweetest and most lovable woman on the screen. And I think, too, she is one of most sincere actresses I ever saw. She gave me a picture and she wrote on it: 'To my beloved darling Sylvia.' That picture go where I go—it stay with me to my last day.

"Carol Lombard is another girl I enjoy treating. I helped Carol. I helped her so much one day Marion Davies passed her on the street and didn't even speak to her. And that not like Marion. She speak to everybody she know. But Carol had changed so Marion had not recognized her!"

"Tell me something about Marion Davies," I said. "Everybody loves her and loves to hear about her."

"Well, Marion — she's a great one. There's nobody just like Marion. She'd been working hard, too, like Gloria, on her new picture, 'Marianne.' When I went to her she was tired. She wasn't laughing. And Marion always laugh.

"It was at her big house in Santa Monica. Like a castle. All filled with gorgeous furniture and high old colonial beds. Now I'm only four feet ten and I only weigh ninety pounds, so when Marion got in bed, I say: 'Miss Davies, I need a ladder.'

" 'A lighter?' say Marion, 'a cigarette lighter?'

" 'No,' I answer, 'I don't want a cigarette lighter! A ladder—l-a-d-d-e-r—something to use to reach up to this high bed.'

"And then Marion laugh like anything. So we go all through her dozens of bed rooms looking for a low bed. We can't find a single one. So I climb up on that high bed and on my knees start my job on Marion.

"But now, I must go," said Sylvia, breaking off suddenly. "I must give Gloria a treatment."

"Tell me about just one more star," I begged, "it's so interesting, so different from what other people tell us."

Then Sylvia stopped laughing. Her blue eyes grew serious. I tell you just one more. About somebody who stands close to my heart. Somebody I go through fire for!"

"Who is that?" I asked curiously.

"It is Norma—Norma Shearer. When I go to treat Norma," Sylvia continued, "she was working on 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.' Because of new talkies and new effort it required, she was nervous. Novelty of it made her worried. And she take her work so seriously. A shy lovely girl, Norma is—so modest that people sometimes think she is stuck up. But she is not. She is simple and unaffected, with the kindest heart in Hollywood. I treated her a long time. We grew close together. One day I come to treat her and I'm worried. I can't laugh. I worried about my oldest boy. She notice it and say 'Sylvia, what is the matter? I never saw you blue before.'

"And then I tell her. I open my heart to her. And she help me. How she help me. I can't tell you what she did—she wouldn't like that, but I can tell you I would do anything for her. That girl have my loyalty so long as I draw breath.

"It's like that in Hollywood. You do for people. People do for you. With most of wealth and beauty of the world there, human nature is the same. The women, they want to keep young, so they'll be loved. The men they want to keep healthy and prosperous so somebody young will love them. They are all children, each one wanting to love and be loved, to play and be happy. Just like you and me—and everybody else in the world!"

Although Sylvia has time only to treat professional patients, she has over nine hundred non-professional clients who come to her and write to her for advice—which she gives free of charge. If you get in touch with her she will tell you just how to go about it to keep young and slim, healthy and beautiful. And you have only to take one look at her picture to know that she has learned these lessons herself, and what she has learned she shares willingly with her friends and clients. Sylvia is a character, a real personality, one of the most generous and unselfish persons I know. She is an open, above-board, plain-spoken woman; and the beauty that she has retained in her own face and figure she wants to share with the world.

A Critic and a Plow—*Continued from page 32*

players waited with a little anxiety. Would he be highbrow, as most operatic stars are pictured? Would he be temperamental as most opera stars are supposed to be? Everybody wondered.

Then arrived on the lot a young fellow, tall, slender, and exceedingly regular. He uses all the modern slang, likes aviation, and doesn't pose. He reminds one of a young broker or insurance man—not of an opera star.

The first person he wanted to meet was Cliff Edwards.

"I think his *Singin' in the Rain* is the greatest thing in the 'Hollywod Revue,' he proclaimed, "and I think he's one of the greatest performers I've ever seen. He must be a good fellow."

And now the world's greatest *Rigoletto* and the world's champion ukelele-operator are great pals and mutual admirers.

Tibbett doesn't like a fuss made over him, and, like Lindbergh, hides out when the curious gather. He doesn't like to talk shop—which to him, of course, is music, but is eargerly anxious to talk about pictures, a new adventure to him.

He asked hundreds of questions about make-up, about camera angles, and about the odds and ends of the new business. He is an ardent screen fan, and, now that he's in the studio, eagerly anxious to meet screen favorites he has long admired from the silent screen.

He likes horseback riding, and every morning sees him on the bridle path.

"When I was a kid," he says, "I used to ride a horse bareback, with nothing but a halter, and I can still do it. A while back I visited some old friends down at Fresno—you know, the grape country in the valley, and I picked out a ranch horse and tried it, just to see if I could still do it.

"That's where I watched 'em plow the new way. They hitch a gang of plows onto a tractor now and pull it through. In the old days plowing was a fine art. You'd start a furrow, then carefully manipulate the plow in the succeeding furrows so you'd slice off just so much at a time. To keep a furrow straight was a fine art, and required lots of practice. The boy who could do it was quite a dignitary around the Bakersfield country."

Learning to plow a furrow straight was probably his first step toward opera. It takes concentration to learn to plow. And later this same concentration led him to practice, practice, incessantly and tirelessly, at singing, and to study, despite many obstacles, the art in which later he triumphed.

Becoming an opera star is hard work.

At the studios, in his brief stay, he has made many friends. Ramon Novarro worships at his feet, for Novarro has studied years to be an opera singer and is on the threshold of an operatic career.

"I look at Tibbett much as a cub reporter looks at a famous editor who's been through the mill," says Novarro.

Tibbett and Barrymore are close cronies. Both have a keen interest in music to start with, for Barrymore is a talented pianist and gifted composer. Ernest Torrence, who started as a concert pianist, is another of the new talkie star's friends.

In fact, he numbers among his friends the entire population of the studio. He has the happy faculty of making friends at first sight that marks the successful salesman, and which, probably, projects itself in his personality over the footlights or from the screen. Barrymore thinks it does.

"Personality is the one thing that counts in an actor," says Barrymore. "How he's made up, or even how he talks, isn't important, but the gray matter and the personality that either grips an audience or doesn't—that's the thing. Tibbett is a great screen star just as he's a great opera star, because people like him instinctively."

And the reason for that is, probably, that Tibbett himself likes everybody.

Including guys who knew how to plow right!

World Peace—*Continued from page 21*

the conclusion of which I hope to be able to visit Hollywood.

Strangely enough, it was Rudolph Valentino who first interested me in the value of pictures. That was five years ago in Paris—just a short time before he passed on. At a large dinner party at a chateau just outside of the city, Valentino was the host and I the guest of honor. As I sat at Valentino's right at the big oval table beautifully set with thin old silver and rare Sevres porcelain, I wondered what on earth I would talk about to this youth. I had seen many moving pictures, of course, but of the film people, I knew nothing.

"Suddenly Valentino looked me full in the face. And I was shocked. Astounded. Here was a man whose personality had conquered the women of the world *en masse*. Yet as I regarded him, I saw immediately that he wasn't a handsome, magnetic animal. He was instead a true spiritual type.

"How we talked! What a dinner it was. Valentino and I both believed the same. I can't say we believed the same religion. I don't like that word and never use it. For what the world needs is more Christianity and less Creed. But we held to the same spiritual principles. That Valentino evening remains a vivid memory. I never saw him again. I thought then and I think now that he was an unhappy man. He was seeking the spiritual qualities which he could not find in his present material world.

"I have always been interested in spiritual things. As a child I used to ask our priests: 'What is life—where are we going—where do we come from?' They never answered me satisfactorily.

"Then I grew up. As a young man I went into the Navy. And there I remained until the end. As I married and my children came into the world, they asked the same questions that I had asked years before. And I had no answer for them. But all this time I was seeking—hoping for a solution. Then came the war. The revolution. Finally with my wife and children I escaped to the Crimea. But there I was imprisoned. It looked like the end for all of us. But is wasn't. I knew then just as I know now that we were and always will be protected. Eventually we all escaped, and arrived safely in Paris.

"But I was no longer satisfied to live as heretofore. I wanted to find the answer to the riddle that had been haunting me all my life. And I have. It's Love. Love not for riches or power or fame. But Love—each man for the other, and for the beggar that stands outside the door.

"It was at this time that I went to the Peace Conference, where I tried to make understood the true condition in Russia. But they had no time to listen to me.

"I would make every man wealthy—rich in Love, and comfortable in material circumstances, so that he is no longer tortured by poverty nor tempted by wealth.

"This can only be accomplished by educating the children. And at this time when Premier Ramsay MacDonald and your President are working for the peace of all nations, I am so anxious for the people of America to realize that they must do their part. It is not alone by treaties and delicate diplomacy that war can be averted. Every person must help. For peace will not endure so long as man has the lust to fight. So long as we give children toy soldiers to play with and send them to military schools, so long will wars continue. We must force the cessation of hostilities by *educating the children*—both at home and in the schools, in the theaters and in the churches. By teaching them less of varying gods and more of permanent Godliness, as the years roll by we will arrive at the ideal of peace towards which every thoughtful man and woman is striving.

"There is no means more potent for educating children than the motion picture. In five years, I understand, there will be talking pictures in two hundred thousand churches and parish houses, there will be talking pictures in one million public schools, and these same talkies will be universally used in the teaching of medicine, surgery, science, history, art and music.

"More than ever, therefore, is it necessary that this greatest of present day industries, the moving picture, with its sisters the radio and the gramophone, should bring to the people of the world those things which are essentially good and beautiful. And it is towards this end that I would wish to speak with your great stars and with the leaders of this great industry. I want to bring to them the message which is as old as Christianity itself. A message which their endless rolls of film and endless rounds of disc can unfold to the world this year, next year, and all the coming years. And this message is: Hold Fast to That Which is Enduring and True. For in this way only can we achieve eternal life—the life of the spirit."

In this twentieth century we have had many cases of those who give up their souls to gain the world. But in His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovich of Russia we have a man who loses the whole world—and counts it well lost—to gain his own soul.

The Broadway Blonde—*Continued from page 47*

hair, for instance. She likes to wear it parted in the middle, drawn over her ears in Madonna fashion, and in a coil at the nape of her neck. But when Paul Stein, the director of the picture, decided that this was not sophisticated enough for the part she plays in 'Her Private Affair' she agreed to have it changed. As a result of her sweetness I lay awake several nights trying to think out brand new coiffures, exactly suited to her particular type.

"It's the same way with everyone else. The cameramen are all crazy about her, and they pay more attention to lighting and photographing her than anyone I've ever seen them work with. She works so hard herself that she inspires everyone else to equal effort. Why, I remember one day when she played a scene in a tight pair of shoes, which really hurt awfully, rather than hold up the company an hour until another pair came out from town. Can you imagine anyone not co-operating with a girl like that, no matter how much effort it took?"

Having finished her scene, the young lady who was the subject of so much praise, joined us.

"What deep, dark secret are you three whispering about now?" she queried as she sank into one of the canvas set chairs beside us.

"Speaking of secrets, have you any secrets that your new-found fan public might be interested in?" I queried in reply.

"I never have secrets," she answered, "even if this picture is called 'Her Private Affair.' They're dangerous. For if they are really secrets, they usually worry you. And if they cease to be secrets, they usually worry someone else.

"One thing, certainly, that is no secret, is the way in which Harry and I have become attached to California. Neither one of us had ever been here until Harry came with the 'Strange Interlude' company and I arrived in Pasadena to recuperate from a strenuous season of playing 'Mary Dugan' too soon after the birth of our baby. But we consider ourselves natives, already. They say that a New Yorker who comes to California usually has to return to New York before he can get the proper perspective on this state, but we are so completely fascinated by California, that we don't even need the New York trip."

For some time, I had wondered just how and where this new screen star lived. I had never met anyone who had encountered her at the Montmartre, the Cocoanut Grove, the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt, or any of the other bright spots most frequented by the celebrities of Hollywood.

"Do you live in Beverly Hills?" I asked.

"Bless you, no!" she replied. "As soon as Harry and I signed our contracts with Pathé, we moved from Pasadena to the cutest little place in Van Nuys that you could imagine. It's not a new place, but it's homey, and it has a nice garden and a big yard for Jane to crawl around in and we have two dogs and lots of chickens and flowers. Such flowers! They would be worth a small fortune in any florist's shop on Broadway!"

If you have never been in Hollywood, you cannot understand just how completely Ann Harding had defied all rules of motion picture existence by not only living in Van Nuys, but openly admitting that fact. It might be compared to a famous New York stage star living in Hoboken. And you can well imagine what a sensation *that* would be!

"Harry and I have just bought the most gorgeous lot high up on the very top of one of the tallest Hollywood hills," she continued in her enthusiastic praise of California. "And we are going to build a home there immediately. On Sundays and the few days when we are not working, we pack up a nice lunch, take along a canteen of water, put Jane into the back seat of the car and spend the day there clearing off our lot. It's great fun, but can you imagine what our friends in New York would say if they could see us with grimy hands and faces, working like day laborers?"

Well, I couldn't, and what's more, if I had not seen snapshots of them at work, I would have thought they were playing some sort of joke on me. But no high-hat for Ann Harding!

The Surprise Voice—Continued from page 65

distinctly understood,"—(he fixed us with stern eyes and words)—"I never sang in a choir or a night club!"

As this sally brought chuckles from the gang, he added confidentially, "I was driven to it in self-defense. Singing, I mean. During the making of a picture in which I was playing the leading rôle, executives went frantically around the studio trying to think of someone who could sing the leading rôle in another picture. They asked darned near every man in the studio if he could sing. They even asked a gateman. But they never thought of asking several picture actors on the lot who had become popular originally in silence. Guess they thought we had lost our voices.

"At any rate, I said to myself, said I, 'Lloyd my boy, you had better get busy if you want to stay in this new picture racket. They won't believe you can talk or sing if you tell them, so you had better be good when you do try to show them.'

"My talking voice got by okay in the tests, so I just figured I'd wait to spring the singing until some of the really good singers from New York had gone back to the stage for one reason or another.

"When my teacher finally said, 'Lloyd, you'll never be a John McCormack, but you can carry a tune pretty well, and you don't flat any high notes,—I knew I was as ready as I ever would be. And here I am, Lloyd Hughes, warbling at everything from *I Kiss Your Hand, Madame* and *Pagan Love Song* to *For You Alone* and Tosti's *Good-Bye*. The joke of it is, boys and girls, you have to listen now whether I'm good or not."

Beneath all this light and airy badinage on the part of the usually reticent and conscientious Lloyd Hughes, I detected a serious note. Drawing him aside later, I reproached him.

"Never mind running your voice down the scale," says I. "I've got ears of my own and a soul for music, and I think it's pretty good. On the level, don't you get a kick out of making the grade with something new?"

The victim looked furtively around.

"Yes," he admitted like a man, "I do. I like to sing, but I don't want such a fuss made about it. All I want is that rôle in that picture and if it takes a voice to get it these days, I aim to please."

What could be fairer than that?

Lloyd Hughes has had one of the most interesting careers of any of the younger players. No less than five Arizona towns can claim him as a native son. He was born in Bisbee, but he was raised and educated in Globe, Douglas, Tuscon and Phoenix. His family brought him to Los Angeles for his high school education. Lloyd attended Polytechnic High School where he gained a reputation as a splendid all-round athlete

In those days motion picture companies filming scenes on the city streets were novelties. Lloyd secured his first job as an extra in this way, and he had to play 'hookey' from school to do it. Becoming intensely interested in motion pictures as a possible career, the youth secured his first real job not as an actor but in the dark room of a film laboratory. He possessed such a fine physique and made such a splendid appearance that he soon attracted the attention of directors when he played in the extra ranks.

His first opportunity came when another adventurous youth, King Vidor, produced and directed his first motion picture, "The Turn in the Road." This little gem proved surprisingly successful so both King and Lloyd found themselves on the high road to success. Then Lloyd attracted the attention of the late Thomas H. Ince, the star-maker, who placed him under contract as a juvenile leading man. For three or four years, young Hughes played leading rôles under the Ince banner and was developed into an actor of ability.

Here he met Gloria Hope, a promising Ince player, still in her teens. After a year or two of courtship they were married in 1922. Miss Hope immediately gave up the screen for domesticity.

Following his Ince career, Lloyd Hughes began a free-lance career in "The Sea Hawk." He was then signed on a long-term contract and played in many popular pictures.

Lloyd and Gloria Hughes have one boy, Donald, who will be three years old October 21st, 1929. Oddly enough, October 21st is the birthday of both father and and son, so they can always celebrate together. For the benefit of those who love to know, Lloyd stands exactly six feet in height, has dark brown hair and gray eyes, and his favorite sports include golf, tennis, swimming and horseback riding.

"Yep," continued Lloyd reflectively, as we strolled out of the studio after the radio hour, "I have to make good all over again. The little woman gave up her own career for me and I can't let her down. Reckon I'll have to work harder than ever. But it sure is worth it."

If you could only see the lovely Gloria Hughes and their husky, handsome young son, you'd agree with Lloyd that it's well worth it!

A New Girl—Continued from page 76

For a moment Miss Jordan's eyes were attracted to the set where Ramon Novarro in a French cuirassier's full uniform was going through a scene. Nodding in his direction, she said:

"They won't want me for a few minutes. Ramon is doing this scene all by himself. Afterwards—after he passes through that door you see on the left of the set—he meets me in a garden, and we play a scene together. Isn't it funny to see people in romantic costume go wandering through this jungle of wires and microphones and studio props? It's one of the things that I can't get used to. On the stage it's different."

"Much different?" I asked.

"Just different in little things. Fundamentally there's not much difference between playing for the movies or for the stage. The people are different, of course. And they're different in their relation to one another. There's more quarreling and less friendliness on the stage than there is in the motion pictures," Miss Jordan said.

"But you were saying just a little while ago that the people here didn't seem able to understand how you were so unassuming," I said.

"Oh, that's just the Hollywood idea!" she replied with a grin. "They think they're so sophisticated out here; and as a matter of fact, there's a great deal of the small town atmosphere about Hollywood. For some reason or other they nurse the idea that stage people are a race apart. And then they're shocked and surprised when they find that we are not a bit better or worse than the ordinary run of people. It spoils their illusion, although they'd swear that they'd never had any if you were to ask them.

"I was called to a New York hotel to meet a Hollywood movie man," she went on. "When I walked in he was writing at a desk. He looked up and said, 'How do you do, Miss?' I answered, 'Isn't this suite 1012?' He said, 'Yes, but are you sure you have the right number?' The poor man had been expecting some person with a lot of vim, vigor and temperament, and in I walked. He later told me that he thought I was a school girl, lost in the wilds of a New York hotel!

"But I've been on the stage ever since I was fifteen years old," Miss Jordan explained. "My folks wanted to send me to Southwestern University in Tennessee — we're Southern folks, you know — but I decided I'd rather go to the Sargent Dramatic School in New York. I was just a kid, but I'd been through high school in a hurry, you see.

"Dramatic school wasn't as exciting as I thought it would be, so I just ambled down to the Capitol Theater one afternoon and got myself a job with Chester Hale.

"That wasn't hard to do, as Chester Hale says he can make a dancer out of any girl who has reasonably straight legs and a lot of stick-to-it spirit. I worked awhile for him and then got a job in the chorus of the Garrick Gaieties. I told them that I could sing and they let me try out a single number for them. After that it wasn't hard to get a 'spot' in 'Twinkle, Twinkle.'

"When 'Funny Face' was being produced I went to the rehearsal and asked them if I couldn't sing a few songs for them. They let me sing a couple of numbers and featured me in the billing. I must have got over all right, for when I applied for a job in 'Treasure Girl,' they gave me a lot to do and a great deal of space on their advertisements."

"How did you happen to get into motion pictures?" I asked.

"It was just as easy as getting on the stage. The Fox studios gave me a part in 'Black Magic.' And then Mr. Douglas Fairbanks saw a preview of that film and decided that he could use me in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' It was the first time I ever played Shakespeare. One day I got a call to come over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and take a test. I was horribly nervous, but I guess the test turned out all right, for I got a contract and here I am, playing with Mr. Novarro!"

It may be put down as a matter of record that Miss Jordan won this part from a list of applicants which numbered more than thirty-five screen beauties.

The Upkeep of Their Careers—*Continued from page 49*

Although that's four times what 'Buddy' received until recently, and exactly three times as much as Alice White once got. But —yet. However, you must have household help. With your pre-stardom ideas you don't have to go in for swimming pools still in force, you confine yourself to employing a couple: the woman to cook and perhaps double as your maid, the man to tend the garden, do the heavier work, and put on the butler act occasionally. It is necessary that they live in, which means you feed them at a cost of about $100 a month, in addition to paying in the neighborhood of $175 in salaries.

You must have a car. It is as essential as your make-up box. There is no other way to get about. Economically, you'll drive it yourself. You can, if you care to, spread the payments over a year. Let's say to buy it and keep it costs $250 a month. It isn't a Rolls. But it can't be a flivver.

Well! So far so good. And you're quite proud of yourself. You have a forty week contract at $1500—an annual income of $60,000! And you've provided yourself with everything you need (so you think). Clothes at an average outlay of $500 monthly—$6000 a year; a place to live at an annual rental of $3600; the cost of running your home, including the servants, comes to an estimated $5000; and your car sets you back $3000. A total of $17,600. You have $42,400 left. Provided, of course, that De Luxe Pictures exercises its option on your services. Provided you 'click.'

To make sure that you register properly on the powers that be, you immediately hire a publicity man. You can get a publicity man cheaper than you can get a Councillor of Public Relations. They're about the same. Except that a mere publicist's fee is less than a Councillor's. He'll get your name in the papers for about $3000 annually. Naturally, though, to get your picture printed he must have photographs. Take the word of Marie Prevost, Estelle Taylor and other established stars that your 'Photos by Ball' will run into $2000 every fifty-two weeks. Everyone must have exclusive poses. A pose once used cannot be reprinted. You want to give the fans the very latest. Remember, you must register to stay in the game.

Now you figure you're all set, and there's still over half of your sixty grand left. But you don't know nothin' yet. Through the publicity campaign, and because of your own winsome personality, you become quite popular with the press, the public, the other stars at the studio, the directors and the executives—not only on your own lot, but those from Befuddled Films, Inc., —an outfit several degrees more important than De Luxe Films, as you soon learn.

So you are entertained. And in return you hurl whoopee bids to the press, the stars, the directors, the executives, a few bankers, and a couple of Elks' conventions. Extra food and drink depletes the bankroll to the extent of $200 a week—if you're moderate. But it's lots of fun—and there's still $27,000 left. Of course, you begin to experience servant trouble around now. The couple you engaged was okay just for you. But both of 'em kick at fixing things for the gang. You take on a Filipino boy and a personal maid. Luck is with you and you get them for $150 a month—well under the market price There's no reason to believe that they eat less than the first couple, so tack on another hundred a month for their maintenance.

Two Young girls! Loretta's little sister Georgina wants to grow up in a hurry so she can be a famous motion picture actress like her family idols, Loretta, Sally Blane, and Polly Ann Young. We'll watch for you, Georgina!

You find that the little car isn't quite enough. After all, you need a limousine and a chauffeur to go to the openings where your public, and the press, and the stars, and the directors, and the executives meet and greet you. Beside, even that hateful little thing who tried to vamp the director on your last picture has two cars. You get one with the sweetest special upholstery, and a gorgeous red paint job for a dollar down and only $5000 all together. The Filipino drives you—in livery. Two and two make four and the $3000 for the new servants plus $5000 for the car totals eight grand. And leaves $19,000 of your $60,000 salary. But there's plenty more where that came from. You've arrived. Sure, you have. Otherwise, how come all those magazine stories about you—all the pictures in the papers—all the parties—all the friends!

And what's more if Jane Winton can have all those diamonds, and Kathryn Crawford can have a house at Malibu, why can't you? You're every bit as good as they are. So bang goes sixpence. You sublet Winifred Westover's place for $600 a month, just during the season, of course. Say, three months. And you get some pretty fair pearls—a ring or two. After all, you've heard having jewelry is just like having money in the bank. So it is. Except of course that it costs the interest on the money to wear jewelry, instead of the money drawing interest. And that when you try to sell—you find it's easier to buy. The Malibu place only costs $1800—first. And you spread the jewelry payments over a year at $100 a month. Seven thousand more has flown the coop. You've sort of lost track now, but your social secretary—oh, didn't I tell you?—of course you just had to have a secretary for your engagements, and the fan mail, and—well, you know—this and that. Well, your secretary tells you that after all deductions, including her salary of $2000—there's a nice round $10,000 remaining.

Thank goodness for that! Because you've worked hard—and played hard, which is really part of the work—and you really need a vacation, say in Hawaii, during your twelve week lay-off. So you ship the small car and the Filipino and the secretary and the maid and yourself to Honolulu, and have a simply gorgeous time. You return just before Christmas to find that you've forgotten gifts for the press, the stars, the directors the executives and the bankers. You're advised at the studio to contribute to this charity and that one. On December 30 your bank telephones that you're overdrawn a few hundred dollars. But that they'll be very—oh, very happy to take care of the overdraft for you.

You're a little confused. A trifle bewildered. You look at this amazing structure that has created itself under your feet in one brief year. You remember how happy you were when it became stylish to go bare-legged—happy because you could save on the near-silk stockings that had to be bought on your fifteen dollar a week salary. You wonder who all these people are who 'yes' you — the butler, cook, chamber-maid, chauffeur, secretary. You wonder how you ever accumulated the hundred pairs of slippers in your shoe chest—the perfume cabinet with its thousands of dollars' worth of scent—the gorgeous gowns — the furs — the cars — the jewels—the wine cellar—the headache!

But you're over! You are handed a fine new contract—for twenty-five hundred dollars each and every week! Hooray! You move into a bigger house with a pool—just a small one—at $800 a month. You send East for Maw and Paw and the kids, and set them up in your old home, give them your old cars, servants—everything. Twenty-five hundred bucks *a week!* More dough than any one in the family ever had in a life-time! All the things worn more than three times are expressed to Cousin Minnie and Paw's brother's wife.

And at the end of the second year when the secretary presents the Jan. 1 bank ballance you find it's just exactly the amount you used to have in the Christmas Savings Fund back in the days when a dollar was money.

If you don't believe it all, ask Gloria Swanson who is broke after years at, not $2000 but, $10,000 a week. Ask Erich Von Stroheim, who told Jim Cruze he had $20 in the world at the completion of "The Wedding March." Ask any of that great and glorious gang of make-believers who plunge through the silver screen into a lake of gold. And come up—clean!

A New 'Skin Game' — Continued from page 75

ever way it was, we have heard a great deal about diet. Now, with the new dresses with their flares and flounces and gores and what not we're allowed to have a few curves—in fact, they're encouraged. But never again, I believe, will smart women allow themselves to become or remain fat. What has all this to do with complexions? Wait a minute and I'll tell you. It made for better and clearer skins!

If you want a clear unblemished skin, watch your diet. Cut out an over-abundance of sweets and pastries, all rich, heavy, highly seasoned foods. Eat coarse breads, fresh and stewed fruits, a moderate amount of meat, and lots of vegetables—those containing plenty of roughage such as cabbage, celery, onions, baked potatoes scrubbed clean so you can eat them skins and all. And drink at least two quarts of water every day. If you want a real beauty diet, write to me and I'll send it.

Now about exercise. I realize, of course, that with the amount of energy that our dancing daughters of today put into their dancing, golf, tennis, basket ball and so on, they do not allow their circulation to grow sluggish. That is another reason why skins are better today than ever before. They may not be so lily white, but they are freer from blemishes. But the business girl who rides to and from her work, and the home girl who drives to mill and to market does suffer from lack of outdoor exercise and its attendant ills. And many girls get their only exercise dancing in hot crowded rooms.

Even though you are not athletic in your tastes, cultivate some form of outdoor sports for health and beauty's sake. If you go to business, walk a part of the way there and all the way home if not too far. Walking is splendid exercise, particularly in winter. Walk with the chest well out, the head up, and breathe deeply.

Deep breathing is in itself a superb tonic. It corrects unlovely symptoms of lowered circulation and impoverished blood. It sends fresh air rushing through the body doing its work quickly and well. Whatever clears the internal organs, clears the complexion and brightens the eyes.

And let's not forget beauty sleep! As long ago as we can remember we had dinned in our ears, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." We didn't give a hoot in those days about any of those things. But if we had been told "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a pink and white skin and bright sparkling eyes," we'd have been tumbling into bed at sunset ever since!

I come now to an unpleasant subject. I can't put it off any longer, so must plunge in and get it over with. I've had a lot to say about keeping clean internally. Now, we must consider external cleanliness. No matter how clean your face is, it can be cleaner; and it's not clean as long as its pores are clogged with blackheads. There! I told you it was an unpleasant subject, but I know that many of you need help because you have written me about it.

It's such a personal sort of subject. You see, we can lay the blame of a snub nose and a sharp chin or an unlovely profile to our ancestors. But we can't blame anybody but ourselves for blackheads as they are but evidence of neglect and bad grooming or wrong habits of living.

Summer or winter, no skin is clear for very long, especially in the dust-laden air of the cities. And while protective preparations do protect the skin and keep out some of the dust, they must not be allowed to clog the pores. A skin from which the day's accumulation of dust, powder, rouge and cream is not carefully removed at night is quite likely to acquire blackheads.

A blackhead, as we all know, is really a pore clogged with skin secretions, dirt, make-up or some other foreign matter. If neglected, the pore often becomes enlarged and even when cleared, persists in remaining as a small round hole called an enlarged pore. Sometimes it's a tight little pore, but in either case it must be cleared. So the first step is cleanliness.

No matter how tired you may be or how busy you think you are, don't allow yourself to go to bed with a dirty face. Cleansing your face thoroughly every night is even more important than going to bed early—it must be done regularly. Seven or eight hours of sleep every night are necessary to keep the body strong, ward off wrinkles and give color to the cheeks, but if you go to a dance or the movies and are up later than usual you can go to bed early the next night and make it up. If your hours of sleep average up to the required number, that's splendid. But you must wash your face thoroughly *every night.*

The best way to cleanse the face whether dry or oily is to use cleansing cream first. This cleanses and softens the pores. Apply to the face and neck, using an outward and upward movement. Leave on a minute or two, then remove with a soft towel or cleansing tissues. Then wash the face with warm water and a pure mild soap. Rinse well in warm, then in cold water to close the pores. This is the night treatment. In the morning, wash the face with warm water, pat in an astringent, smooth in a bit of cream and dust with powder.

An oily skin is particularly liable to blackheads and needs special care. While the girl with a dry sensitive skin will do well to depend more upon cleansing cream than on soap and water, the girl with the oily skin may use soap and water plentifully. And while the dry skin needs an oily cream smoother well into the skin at night, it is better to leave the oily skin free from cream upon retiring, though a small amount may be patted into the neck, around the eyes and at the sides of the mouth where lines are prone to form. Choose a good cleansing cream and skin food. I can tell you of a cream that is both cleansing and nourishing and agrees with all skins and is quite reasonably priced.

If the blackheads persist, use a flesh brush, a very soft, fine one, with soap and water, about three times every week. Use cleansing cream first, and cold water after the face has been well cleansed with soap and water. If this does not banish the blackheads, use a good pore cream.

It seems superfluous to add: do not neglect the daily bath. Every girl knows this is necessary to health and beauty. Bathe at night or in the morning, as best agrees with you.

Do you have a muddy skin, dark circles under the eyes, a skin disfigured by pimples, blackheads, acne and enlarged pores? Write me your particular problem and I will tell you about special treatments and preparations. And don't forget the beauty diet I promised.

Clear Skin has a Powerful Appeal

Would you like to possess clear, smooth skin, as appealingly lovely on close inspection as at a distance?

Tonight begin this cleansing method which leads to new complexion beauty. Apply Plough's Cleansing Cream generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off. With it will come every particle of dust and make-up—floated out of the pores by this light, non-absorbable cream! With the pores clean and free to breathe, your skin will be finer in texture and immaculately fresh. Then, as you continue to use this dainty cream regularly, you will find your complexion becoming smoother, clearer and more attractive every day.

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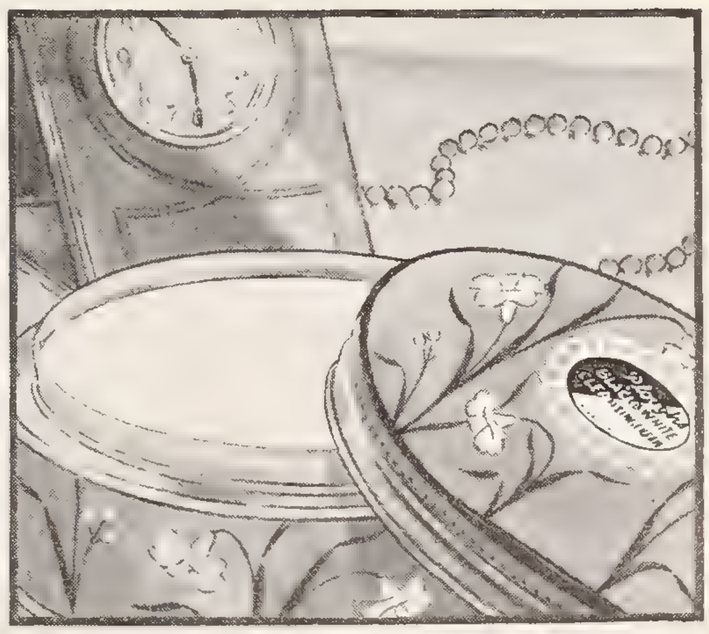

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NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · SAN FRANCISCO

They're Only Human!—*Continued from page 19*

If Norma Shearer were of the old school and confided to interviewers, as she frequently does, that she was just about on her uppers when she landed a job in pictures, the entire film colony would have fallen in one grand swoon.

And what would have been the effect had there been a Clara Bow to relate the story of her poverty-stricken childhood; of the day when she learned that she had won a beauty contest and knew she had no suitable clothes to go before the camera for a screen test. Clara managed however and passed the test and at an age when most girls are in grammar school was well on her way to success. She has passed many tests since then—among them the supreme test of loyalty. Clara is loyal to old friends. Her confident and closest friend is her secretary, Daisy De Voe, the little blonde girl who was once her hair dresser.

Marion Davies is one of the best liked girls in pictures, and is not a bit too proud to sit down and play bridge on the set with an assistant director, a property man, an extra or two, or whoever doesn't happen to be working at the time. And don't you love Marion's freckles? In the old days she'd have been going about in a sun hat swathed in veils and carrying a parasol. Not Marion. She just lets herself *be* freckled.

And Marion isn't the only star who has freckles and doesn't try to do anything about it. Joan Crawford's freckles are quite noticeable even in her photographs unless they are touched up carefully, but somehow they become her.

Greta Garbo—the exotic Garbo—is another star who does the unexpected. She's not at all bashful about having her palm read by an extra girl, or piloting a flivver around the beaches.

Charlie Farrell drives a flivver, too, of quite ancient vintage—and is proud of it. And Alice White, whom one would expect to drive a smart, expensive roadster, keeps only a medium-priced car and likes to drive it over rough mountain roads. Incidentally, she lives in a small apartment and keeps only one maid, and admits that she has no desire to accumulate a library of first edtions!

Nils Asther drives an old car most film fans wouldn't own and his little five-room house wouldn't do for a garage for Oliver Marsh who photographs most of his pictures. Nils likes to eat onions, and does, and makes no pretense of trying to kid himself or anybody else into believing that his 'art' is everything when he knows in his heart that movie money is what counts, after all.

Nils tells a funny one on himself. "It was just after we made 'Sorrell and Son' that I got my first ticket for exceeding the speed limit and went to court. The judge said to me sternly, 'Have I not seen you before?'

"I felt quite flattered as I thought he meant he had seen me on the screen. I bowed and smiled and told him he probably had seen me.

" 'Then, as an old offender I fine you $150,' roared the judge.

"Thoroughly squelched, I explained meekly that I had never been in court before—that I thought he meant he had seen me on the screen. The judge, luckily for me, had a sense of humor. He laughed and suspended the fine."

Lee Tracy, well-known on Broadway and in Hollywood, with his most enthusiastic fan—his mother.

John Gilbert frankly admits he was a flop as an actor before he happened to get a lucky break and isn't at all ashamed of having sold tires when he lived in Portland. And he doesn't always show up shaved when he isn't working and usually wears an old sweater instead of preening himself in sartorial splendor for the benefit of curious eyes.

Bessie Love tells the world that her real name is Juanita Horton and that her folks were mighty poor back in the little Texas town she came from. Johnny Mack Brown knows darned well that probably he never would have had a chance to get into pictures if he hadn't been a football hero, but does all he can to make himself worthy of the popularity he has gained.

Jack Mulhall ran away from home when he was a youngster and worked in an iron foundry. He then joined a circus, deserted it to appear in vaudeville and finally left the stage flat to work in the movies. He glories in his hardships—but as he is reputed to have kissed a greater number of screen beauties than any other star, some of his admirers might wonder where the hardship comes in. Jack modestly boasts that he has kissed 89 women before the camera. Mrs. Jack doesn't mind. There's safety in numbers, she believes.

William Haines was a haphazard sort of bond salesman when he hit on the movie trail. Charles King of "Broadway Melody" fame recalls the days when he was a street urchin in the toughest neighborhood in New York's old east side and doesn't even blush when he tells of his first stage appearance in the Hurtig & Seaman burlesque house.

Lon Chaney is proud of the stagehands' union card he still carries.

Raquel Torres doesn't hide the fact that she was an usherette before she happened to be picked to play in "White Shadows of the South Seas."

Karl Dane is so proud of his carpentering prowess that it's hard to keep him away from the hammers and saws on the sets when he should be putting on make-up. Buster Keaton loves to recount his experiences on the road with the family knockout act. And Cliff Edwards, better known as Ukulele Ike, isn't at all ashamed of having worked in one-armed lunch counters before he got going.

Colleen Moore is fond of saying that if she had not had an uncle who knew D. W. Griffith and casually introduced her to him one day, she might have been just a plain home girl. Well, she might have been a home girl but she never would have been plain. Colleen is always attractive, and always was.

Gary Cooper is one of the most unpretending of the male stars. If he's working in a soft shirt with turn down collar or in a shirt with no collar at all he makes no attempt to dress up at lunch time or for dinner either if he happens to be working. And Gary doesn't have to.

Ann Harding is one girl who is so lovely she seems to belong to the old days when lady stars reclined gracefully on chaise-longues heaped with mauve and sea-green pillows when expecting an interviewer. But she doesn't. Ann is delighted with California because she can have a house and flowers growing that she has no inclination for reclining. You'll find her any day working in her garden, and she doesn't care how dirty her hands get.

Richard Arlen and his wife Jobyna Ralston are great for the home life, too. They have a charming house, but they don't spend their leisure moments all dressed up waiting for callers. More than likely they'll be outside in smocks or overalls painting furniture or trimming shrubbery or mowing the lawn or laying a walk. Yes, and Jobyna upholsters her own furniture.

And so it goes!

Nowadays the stars even admit they are married and have children!

Could You Pass Talkie Test?

Continued from page 31

photographic test only. If she photographs in a satisfactory manner, she is turned over to Miss Alice Kelly, dramatic voice instructor, who asks her to read passages from a book or play—anything suitable.

"If the applicant has a good voice and expression and survives this test, she is then asked to appear in a scene with one or more experienced actors. The scene is generally from some play and this time 300 feet of film are shot. The applicant is never required to make an individual test.

"This hurdle having been successfully negotiated, the applicant is then made up, costumed by Sophie Wachner, fashion creator, and supervisor of ladies' wardrobe and asked to play a character in a scene on an actual set. The best of equipment and 100 per cent facilities are employed in this test.

"The film is then cut and submitted to Mr. Winfield Sheehan, vice-president, and Mr. Sol Wurtzel, general superintendent of Fox-Movietone for their approval or disapproval.

"So much for the dramatic test.

"In the case of a test for a singing voice, the procedure already detailed is followed up to a certain point. The applicant is required to practise one or two songs. After they have been sung and it is decided that the test is O. K., the applicant is asked to return to the studio two days later to sing the same songs with DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, the composers, or Dave Stamper, another composer, present to pass judgment.

"In the event of a dancing test, the same routine is followed only Seymour Felix or Edward Royce, well-known stage directors, are on hand to give their verdict as to the result of the test.

"The casting office, of course, selects all experienced actors, but they, too, go through tests in costume before they are finally assigned to a production.

"We take, on an average, 20 tests a day. Some days we do not discover a single new person who can pass it. I might point out the fact that more than 300,000 feet of film were used up in a recent test in Italy and the result was one successful applicant, while in Mexico City, not long ago, two possibilities were discovered in 30,000 feet of film.

"Being the Columbus of new faces and voices has its thrills, however, as Winfield Sheehan will tell you if a shrewd enough reporter will get him to talk about Janet Gaynor."

But discovering talent or genius is one thing and recognizing it on the screen, well, that's another story—of the eyes and ears of the public.

Clara Bow Psycho-Analyzed

Continued from page 29

energy, which flings up skyscrapers taller and taller, not just for a good investment, but for the bravado and adventure of it, which passed a prohibition law just in order to make drinking an obstacle race, something a little more exciting than merely imbibing liquor.

All that we ask of Clara Bow is that she keep on being more and more herself and growing up along with the rest of us!

"LOOK . . . he's imitating a pianist!"

. . . . . someone shouted Then a queer thing happened

JACK had strummed some "blues" for us on his uke and Nan had just finished her screamingly funny burlesque on the "Kinkajou." We were all set for dancing when—the radio refused to work!

No amount of jiggling brought it to life, either. All we could get from that confounded radio were such desolate howls that the girls begged us to leave it alone.

Someone made a half-hearted suggestion of bridge. But Tom had a better plan. Pulling Joe to his feet—good old "sit-in-the-corner" Joe, whom everyone liked to pick on—he cried in a loud voice:

"Just a minute, folks! The party is saved! Joe, here, has kindly offered to enliven the proceedings with a piano solo . . ."

This promised to be good—for, as we all knew, Joe couldn't play a note. Naturally we expected him to clown . . .

Just as he sat down at the piano, Tom called out:

"Play 'The Varsity Drag'—that's a hot dance number!"

Excited whispers came from all parts of the room. "Wonder what he's going to do!"—"He doesn't know one note from another!" Suddenly someone shouted:

"Get this! Look—he's imitating a pianist!"

A Queer Thing Happens

Raising his hand melodramatically, Joe waited a moment to command silence. Then, to the complete amazement of us all he struck the first bars of—"The Varsity Drag!"

And how! With all the verve and expression of a professional! No wonder Tom's eyes almost popped out of his head! This wasn't the clowning he had expected Joe to do!

Unable to resist the tantalizing music, couple after couple glided around the floor. When Joe stopped playing, the applause could have been heard around the block.

All evening they kept Joe busy at the piano—playing jazz, popular songs, sentimental ballads, even classical stuff—everything the crowd asked for!

How that lad could play! I was dumbfounded. Joe had always seemed to be a "born wallflower"—he had never displayed any talent for entertaining—yet now . . . I determined to solve the puzzle. On the way home that night I drew Joe aside and demanded:

"How on earth did you do it?"

He laughed. "Why, it was easy! I simply took that home-study course in music your cousin told us about. There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours for study. In fact, I practiced only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. And the course is thorough! Before I knew it, I was playing simple pieces *by note*, and . . ."

"I guess you don't have to tell me how thorough it is," I broke in. "Your performance tonight was a knockout! And you used to say you had no 'talent'!"

"I haven't," he insisted. "Anybody can learn to play the U. S. School of Music way!"

* * *

This story is typical. You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this *easy* "at home" method that has taught over half a million people. It's so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. Your progress is amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest, and the cost averages just a few cents a day!

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He is giving his own Victor-Radio . . . and an autographed set of his Victor records . . . for the best letter . . . on an interesting subject . . . announced on pages 22 and 23 . . . of this issue of Screenland.

Win This Handsome Gift With the Best Letter.

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THEIR IMPERIAL HIGHNESSES
PRINCE *and* PRINCESS ASAKA *of* JAPAN

Chuichi Ohashi, Japanese Consul, in writing of the recent stay of Prince and Princess Asaka said:

"I take pleasure in conveying to you their hearty gratitude for the courtesy and hospitality with which your hotel accommodated them."

No other hotel in the world offers more varied attractions. Superb 27-acre park, with miniature golf course, open air plunge and tennis courts. Riding, hunting and all sports, including 18-hole Rancho Golf Club. Motion picture theatre and 35 smart shops within the hotel. Famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing nightly.

Write for Chef's Cook Book of California Recipes

BEN L. FRANK,
Manager

In New York — *Continued from page 73*

out of this trip was having my father and mother with me. Papa is a theater exhibitor. He has three theaters but he doesn't often get to New York. And to have him and mama both with me—it's great. Every morning I give mama a little check and say: 'Now go on and buy something—something you don't absolutely need.' She can hardly get used to it. She's so accustomed to living modestly in real New England fashion that she can't get used to the idea of buying something not a necessity.

"I'm coming back to this town, you bet. And I'm going to keep on with my singing lessons. I'm crazy about singing. I'd sing all the time—if I had my way. And when I made my personal appearance tour—and I'm going to visit five more cities on my way home—I sang in every city. Gee, I hoped they liked it. They seemed to. And sometimes I got as many as twenty encores.

"Pictures are like New York," Charlie concluded. "Just when you think you're all set and going along on an even keel something turns up which changes everything. But that's what makes it exciting. That's what makes films the most wonderful game in the world. I am so grateful that I finally got in the movies, for when I began, and for a long time afterward everybody from the bottom to the top said: 'He won't be able to do it. He's not the type.'

But here I am. And here I want to stay."

* * *

Jack Gilbert and his comedienne bride, Ina Claire, stepped off the boat the other day from their delayed honeymoon trip abroad. But they only remained in New York long enough to gulp a cup of consommé and nibble a piece of toast, and then they were whisked into their compartment, and the train pulled out for the Golden West.

Gilbert looked fine. Thinner somehow—but bronzed and smiling as usual. He says he enjoyed every second of his first European visit. Ina, to whom a jaunt to Europe is no more unusual than a week-end at Malibu Beach, walked down the gangplank looking as if she had had Paul Poiret, Lady Duff-Gordon and Edward Molyneux sitting up nights doing nothing but stitching the one simple suit she wore.

Ina accompanied Jack back to Hollywood to get him all settled and happy, and then she will return to New York for a few weeks to take care of certain matters in connection with her stage career.

* * *

"She's the answer to the producers' prayer!"

That's what they say about Catherine Dale Owen out in Hollywood. And it's true, too. Miss Owen, as you all have observed by now, is the extremely lovely blonde who plays the princess in John Gilbert's first talkie, "His Glorious Night."

At tea, in the lounge of the New York Ritz, Catherine told me all about it. In real life, she's the aristocratic type, all right—a southern girl whose long, fine hair, deep, blue eyes, slender wrists and ankles speak eloquently of blue blood.

"I never dreamed of having Mr. Thalberg give me a Metro contract," Miss Owen explained, as she drank her China tea and ate her English muffin. "I never dreamed even of going on the stage. It happened absolutely by accident.

"A few years ago," she went on, "my sister decided she wanted to study for the stage. So mother signed her up for a course at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, in Carnegie Hall. Then my sister made other plans. The four hundred dollars had already been paid for the course and we couldn't afford to lose it. So I entered the Academy in her place, staying both for the junior and senior courses.

"It wasn't long before the stage completely absorbed me. A short time after I graduated, I got a part in 'The Love City,' in which Sessue Hayakawa, the film actor, was the star. Then I played in 'The Whole Town's Talking,' 'The Play's The Thing,' Belasco's 'Canary Dutch,' Channing Pollock's 'Mr. Moneypenny,' and several others.

"Suddenly talking pictures came along. But, sad to say, nobody offered me a contract, although I took several tests. Finally I made up my mind to get into talkies—contract or no contract."

And it was here that Miss Owen showed her courage. Packing perfume and pocket handkerchiefs, she stepped on the Limited for California.

"Three days and three nights I had on the train with nothing to do but to think of the sudden step I had taken," Catherine said. "I thought how ghastly it would be if I got there and couldn't find a job. I thought of all the hundreds of dollars I might be throwing away. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't read. And actually I couldn't eat."

It was Monday morning when Catherine pulled into the Los Angeles depot. Monday afternoon she went to an agent's office. Monday evening before the sun took its sudden slant into the west, Irving Thalberg, one of Metro's big bosses, had her signed up.

For weeks Thalberg had been trying to find a beautiful aristocratic blonde to play the rôle in Gilbert's picture. Greta Garbo was up to her long bob in work. And all the other Metro blondes were either tied up or not the type. Thalberg had despaired ever of finding the ideal girl when Catherine walked into his office. She made such a hit in her first film that she was immediately cast opposite Lawrence Tibbett, the famous Metropolitan Opera star, in "The Rogue's Song."

This late southern addition to the film ranks dresses awfully well and conservatively. The day she entertained at tea, she wore a black velvet dress of striking cut, a string of small real pearls, and several gorgeous diamond and emerald bracelets. With her small dark hat and plain black coat with its collars and cuffs of softest sable, she presented a distinguished picture which made more than one New York dowager pause to wonder who the new debutante could be.

* * *

In a blaze of glory, Gloria returned to New York, trailing Paris clothes and London honors at every step. In her new picture, "The Trespasser," which has its Broadway opening as we go to press, Miss Swanson has entirely eclipsed her former successes. This picture was first shown in London. On the opening night, somebody tiptoed up to Gloria in the theater and touched her on the arm: "I'm terribly

sorry, Miss Swanson. I don't know what to do about it. I hate to disturb you. It's never happened in this theater before."

Gloria looked up and saw the distressed theater manager: "What on earth are you talking about?" she asked.

"Why, it's this crowd. They keep yelling for you. They want you up on the stage. And outside—outside I can do nothing with the people. We've sent for more police reserves. I must apologize," the manager ended lamely.

Realizing that popularity demands no apology, Gloria mounted the stage and was greeted with a reception the like of which the English have given no American screen star.

The world is so excited at the fact that Miss Swanson has developed a beautiful singing voice in her new talkie that people are simply swarming around her. How she maintains her calm, I don't know.

The first day she was interviewed, Miss Swanson was wearing a dress whose black elegance proclaimed the best Paris has to offer. The portable phonograph in her suite was never silent. Everyone wanted to hear Gloria's voice on the records. Perhaps you know that no talking machine company will allow any doubles to sing for them. Therefore if you buy a record of Gloria Swanson singing a song, it is Gloria in the flesh, or in the larynx rather, and nobody dragged in to take her place. There may be and have been voices doubled for talking pictures but never for records.

On this particular occasion, the most outstanding feature about Gloria was the new fashion in which she is dressing her hair.

"The way I comb my hair depends entirely upon the type of dress I am wearing," Gloria explains. "The coiffure must not only be in keeping with the style of gown worn but also in keeping with the character of the individual. In the days when wigs were the mode, it was an easy matter. But now every woman must either work out her own problem herself or depend entirely upon the professional hair dresser.

"It is my belief that each costume must have its own different style of head-dress. Therefore, I have let my hair grow long again. In that way I can either dress it formally for evening occasion or I can have it arranged so as to give the effect of a bob if I desire it—which I seldom do. I believe there is a decided tendency toward the return of long hair."

* * *

Edna Murphy, in private life the wife of Mervyn Leroy, was in town visiting her folks. Evelyn Brent and Neil Hamilton were two others who breezed in and out again. Evelyn and Neil and Elsa arrived on the same ship, the Aquatania. Miss Brent looked strikingly handsome as usual, in one of those off-the-face turbans, and Neil seemed none the worse for wear after his continental vacation. Constance Bennett arrived on the same train as Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, and sailed the same day. More about Dick next month.

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No matter how simple you think your suggestion is, you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win. The names of people, flowers, trees, birds, etc., may be submitted for a name or you can send a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sun-gleam," "Youth-glow," etc., or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube, from which the shampoo is simply squeezed out. No bottle to break, leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. Nothing safer or more sanitary and convenient for travel. There is nothing more to do, simply the person sending the most suitable suggestion for a name will receive $1,000.00 in cash or, if prompt, $1,100.00 in all.

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This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

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Playrooms of the Stars—*Continued from page 43*

use of the place last summer than she did, because she was so busy at the studio. That was when "Dynamite" was being filmed.

Robert Vignola, known as Bob to a couple of million, more or less, people who are his friends, built a special playroom in the basement of his home on Whitley Heights, which overlooks Hollywood. It isn't exactly a basement because three sides of it are open, but Bob's house, like so many Hollywood homes, is built on a hill, one story on one side and two on another. The room is about fifty feet long with a piano and gaming tables of all kinds. There are specially-built compartments for these so when there is dancing they can easily be put out of the way. On a semi-circular dias, the rounded part of which is filled with windows, is a spot for the musicians. Bob is crazy about Hawaiian music and usually there is a stringed quartet for the parties. On the walls are photographs of all the big guns of the film world, and there is one of the most interesting guest books I have ever looked at which holds names, small photographs and personal messages from Julia Marlowe, Sothern, Irving, Sir Herbert Tree, Oscar Wilde, Mary Pickford when she was Mary Moore, and when she became Mary Fairbanks, James K. Hackett, Lillian Gish, and most of the other prominent film players. Bob's guest book is unique in that the artists and cartoonists who have been his guests have used a page of it for their creative art. There is Payne, known the country over for his "S'matter Pop"; F. Cornejo, a Mexican artist, John Richard Flannigan, Billy de Beck, Walter Lantz, Jimmy Murphy of "Toots and Casper" fame; Rube Goldberg, Bert Green and many others. Milt Gross drew a dizzy cartoon expressive of his difficulties in finding the place. Then there are such names to be found as Basil Woon, Humbert Nobile, John and Mabel Ringling, Jack and Estelle Dempsey, Jean Hersholt, Billie Dove and many others of Hollywood's elite. Altogether the book is the pride and joy of Bob's life.

Corinne Griffith's beautiful winter playroom has ample provision along the walls for compartments holding puzzle games of which she is very fond. She calls it her 'whoopee' room and she designed the furniture herself, seeing to it that there were plenty of those low leather couches which are so comfortable. Almost every kind of puzzle can be found tucked away somewhere. There are various sorts of card games, jack-straws, books of humorous drawings by famous cartoonists and artists: Hy Mayer, Ralph Barton, Bairnsfather, Arno; and eighteenth century prints. There are many folding tables, games picked up in Europe, ping-pong and horse race games. There are no professional gambling games. Corinne doesn't want anyone to lose money in her house and even bridge players, if they are a bunch who only enjoy it if there is a money hazard, are not allowed to play for more than a cent a point. For Walter Morosco's benefit there are many musical instruments, for Corinne's husband loves a band. There are jars for colored cigarette holders and all kinds of smokes, bowls filled with candies and crystalized and stuffed fruits. In fact, there is everything one can think of with which to spend a pleasurable evening. On a tiny mezzanine floor, which is used for a library, a door opens out into the 'whoopee' room. A concealed motion picture projection machine and a hidden screen appear when Corinne wants to play theater manager. The 'whoopee' room looks out upon a lawn; with tennis court and swimming pool. There are compartments built for a 'Doug' set, the game introduced by Doug Fairbanks, medicine ball, and even football.

The summer playroom is an outdoor barbecue kitchen. The stove has all conveniences for cooking different things—spits, cranes, etc. The dishes are all pewter so that nothing can be broken. The kitchen overlooks a charming garden with one of the largest white camellia bushes in the state. Night-blooming jasmine and wisteria clamber riotously over the roof, massing the place with brilliant color. Refreshments are sometimes carried into the 'whoopee' room, but more often the guests move out to the kitchen.

Charles Mack, of Moran and Mack, runs to futuristic things. His whole house is furnished along futuristic lines. The walls of the playroom are of natural wood. The dominant thing in the room is the Snooker Table, which is practically an English billiard table. It is red and semi-modernistic. There are all sorts of games, roulette, ping-pong, all kinds of musical instruments. There can be a regular brass band.

Lois Moran's room is perfectly charming. It is a combination play, gym and living room. As you enter the room which is 58 by 38 feet, you face a bank of mirrors covering the farther end and reaching almost to the ceiling. This makes the room look twice as long. On one side it faces the street and the windows here are built high up so no one can look in. The other side flanks the garden and French windows open into it. At the other end is the large fireplace with a huge davenport facing it, and comfortable chairs. Book shelves line this nook and from the rafters is hung a swing for the baby and a place for her toys. The 'baby' is Lois' little cousin Betty, whom Mrs. Moran adopted several years ago, you remember. She is really quite a girl now, about seven years old. There is a player piano, a radio and victrola and a bar—ah-ah! Not the kind you mean! This is a dancing bar where Lois practices her dancing and keeps fit. There are bear rugs scattered over the polished floor, and except for the corner before the fireplace the room is bare of furniture, leaving plenty of room for dancing. Lois is preparing for a vacation which she is going to take in Europe and Mrs. Moran had her trunks brought into the playroom. It gives such a homey atmosphere to the room to have a tiny corner of it reserved for living. You can just see Betty playing with her toys, Lois practising on her bar, and Mrs. Moran sorting out this and that and packing them away for the European tour, all of them chattering back and forth meantime.

On top of one of the highest of Beverly's hills, sits Fred Niblo's beautiful home. The playroom here is a curio and projection room as well. It occupies the whole basement of their house and is laid out in three compartments which open into each other. Pictures have taken Mr. Niblo, and his wife, Enid Bennett, to many lands, and they have brought home interesting things from all of them. The screen is covered with embroidered tapestry, hidden when not in use. There are collections of hats, flintlocks, cannibal spears, few of which can

be duplicated. There are vivid Navajo rugs, snowshoes, ancient moccasins and Indian gourds. The furniture is inlaid following an intricate pattern. A totem pole from Alaska stands next to a head hunter's weapons from India. Every country is represented to some degree in this interesting collection. All sorts of games are to be found here, even ping-pong. The Chinese compartment features Chinese and Japanese games. Standing about are antique Buddhas and carved dragons. Chinese embroideries cover the wall. In the billiard compartment the walls are whitewashed to display to advantage the rare Russian samovars, smoking pipes, masks from heathen temples and even a skull! The atmosphere is extremely informal, from the entrance through the hall of fame, the walls of which are lined with pictures of celebrities from every field of activity, to the impressiveness of the Chinese room. The grown-ups aren't the only ones to find games to their liking either, for the three Niblo children are well taken care of and even have juvenile pictures and comedies to amuse themselves and their little friends.

Both Hoot Gibson and Reginald Denny use their Big Bear Mountain cabins mainly for recreation. They are near together, each one surrounded by several acres of ground. Hoot always takes his Hawaiian musicians with him when he throws a party at the cabin because he is as mad about it as Bob Vignola. Reginald Denny's cabin is full of personality. The living room, which is the playroom, has an enormous fireplace and davenport facing it, and many roomy lounging chairs and coffee tables scattered about. There are shelves stacked with books, about 1000 of them, I should say. The furniture, however, was made to order, and I think it was 'Bubbles'—Mrs. Denny's—idea. For instance, a table has a flat top made from a slice of tree trunk. The natural bark rims it. The legs are made of branches. The smoking stands are crooked branches with two twigs gripping a metal ash receiver. Everything has several coats of varnish, so nothing is rough. There is provision for riding, skiing, skating, ice hockey, archery, target practice and indoor card and other games.

Harold Lloyd has an underground passage running from his house to his playroom which is hollowed out of the hill. Only one side is open and there is a little door and very narrow path running down the side of it to the golf course far below. Looking up at it, it looks like a tunnel room in a medieval castle. There is nothing but four walls so far, because Harold's house isn't finished, but there will be plenty to amuse one, you can be sure of that.

You Can't 'Type' Love

Continued from page 45

something wrong with a clinging vine if she simply clung when the cook left or the house caught fire."

"It's hard to lay down rules about marriage," contends Buddy.

"Once when I was down in Texas, I went to a party. In the group, were a girl and a man who met each other that evening for the first time. For some reason before the party was over someone dared them to get married. 'I'm game, how about it?' said the man, and the girl laughed and said: 'I'm game, too!' And they took the dare and were married.

"According to all rules, they should have been miserable, but as a matter of fact they are two of the happiest people I know.

"The other side of the case is illustrated by my uncle. For nineteen years, he kept company with a girl. Several times they set wedding dates, but always something happened. A death in one of the families. Losing a job. A move to a new place. Always something.

"Then at last they got married—and there again they are happy, because they thoroughly understand one another and don't expect too much."

"Kindness is a terribly important thing," declares Olive. "When I was fifteen or sixteen, I used to think that a romantic man would be ideal, but now I've come to the conclusion that kind people are the loveliest in the world.

"I've worked ever since I left school, and I think I'd expect to work if I married. I don't know—it seems to me I should be happier if I were working, if the man didn't seriously object.

"I adore children; not just little babies, as all girls do, but children growing up. I find them interesting. The odd thing is that children seldom make friends with me at first. Later, when they're more used to seeing me, they become quite chummy, and I like the feeling that I seem to improve upon acquaintance.

"But I've noticed that frequently children separate people. Parents are not the same thing as sweethearts. When the baby comes, the mother either becomes absorbed in him, neglecting her husband, or neglects her child for the demands of the man she married. It seems too bad! Not that I shall let it prevent my having children. I hope I shall remember what I've noticed and see that I don't neglect either one."

"Seems like children would draw people together," drawls Buddy, "but I reckon the whole thing is more or less a gamble."

Olive regarded her slim self in her make-up mirror, as she deftly applied a puff—an exquisite self clad in futuristic black-and-white lounging pajamas, her dark hair closely set in its new bob.

"One thing is certain—and the rest is surmise," she paraphrased, with a smile, "when I get married I am going to grow my hair! I loved my long hair, and I miss the two curls on my neck. I rather like the bob, and I felt I needed it to give me a new personality for the talkies, but I liked my long hair better."

The certain thing in Buddy's mind is that, girls or no girls, he is going to keep himself in the pink of condition.

"I have a trainer," he exults. "I make four pictures a year and as it doesn't take so long to make talkies, I have three or four weeks between pictures. My trainer is at the club by 7:30 each morning and I work the medicine ball with him. It weighs tweny pounds and every muscle comes into use before I get through manipulating it. Then comes my swimming lesson and after that a sunbath."

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The Parties of Pictureville

Continued from page 69

laughed could she have heard it.

Somebody in mischievous spirit had set a little straw hat on Miss Lillie's head as she sang; and when she had finished taking her bows, she reached for the hat, gave it a mock angry look, and threw it away, exclaiming, "Why, the nasty thing's broken!"

Then Miss Lillie's sister, Mrs. Weigall, played the piano. She is a concert pianist and of course her playing was so lovely that, even at a picnic, we were willing to be shushed. An elderly Spaniard with a guitar hugged to his breast, eyed her with all the love of his race for music in his eyes.

Georges Carpentier sang in such an exceedingly delightful and magnetic voice that Patsy whispered, "Who would expect a prize fighter to have such a prize voice?"

Then Ann Greenway sang charmingly.

Ann Pennington was among the guests, she having come with Joey Ray, and we met Sylvia Fields, too. Sylvia said that she was returning to New York, her contract with Fox having ended, but we can't see how they let such a clever little actress get away from the talkers.

William Nigh, the director, looked over the famous guests with a comically bored face, and then exclaimed:

"Well, I don't see anybody here I could use!"

Pretty little Ella Wickersham is a character in Hollywood. She is a beautiful little invalid who spends her life in a wheel chair.

And it was Beatrice Lillie herself who insisted on wheeling Ella about so that she could view the Carrillo ranch! A graceful little gesture that I'm sure Ella will never forget.

Suddenly we heard masculine shouts in the distance, and glancing up we caught sight of Tom Patricola, over on a hillside overlooking the canyon. He was waving an alpenstock and dancing up and down, and Hal Skelly called to him not to do his act so far away from the audience.

We had started away to explore the canyon, when we heard the music of a violin. Turning back we found that the player was a colored man, chauffeur to someone in the party—and how he could play! Beatrice Lillie shushed us all in order to listen.

Next we decided that we had discovered where Miss Lillie got her comedy talents, for her mother and Fatty Arbuckle did a burlesque grand opera number.

Alice White came rather late, with her newest admirer, Sid Bartlett, but we had no chance to talk to her.

Darkness crept over the canyon, and the smell of the sycamores, sweet after the hot sun had gone down, perfumed the evening, as we traveled homeward.

"GETTING houses to match their personalities is what the Hollywood film stars are doing now-a-days," remarked Patsy the Party Hound. "I suppose that is why Mary Duncan is moving into a Spanish house in Beverly Hills. Her hair is dark now, and that English house she had in Bel-Air didn't suit her dark personality so well!"

"Oh, Mary isn't frivolous like that," I answered. "Besides, she's always the same thoroughbred, human and delightful."

"Anyway," Patsy said, "we're invited to her house warming. And she gives such lovely parties that if said parties depend on her changing her personality I hope she'll become a regular chameleon so far as coloring is concerned."

The moon wasn't on tap that night, but it didn't worry our hostess in the least. She had just ordered up artificial moonlight effects for her Spanish patio, and it was all lovely.

Mary Duncan and her sweet sister Ann, who looks much like Mary, greeted us warmly at the door.

We found a number of guests already assembled in the beautiful drawing room, among them Carmelita Geraghty. Carmelita said she was sad because she had found out that it was Mary's birthday, and she had brought no gift. Mary hadn't told anybody.

"When I left home my father said that it was bad luck to come to a house-warming without a gift," Carmelita explained. "It's an old Irish custom, you see—and then when I found it was Mary's birthday—"

Mrs. Lubitsch was smiling slyly, and we found out why.

"When Mr. Lubitsch goes away out of town to write on a story, I always go and play a lot of tennis," said Mrs. Lubitsch. "He doesn't like it very well, but what can I do?"

"Evidently there's a lady who knows just how to manage her husband," said Patsy.

Virginia Valli arrived with Charlie Farrell, and we said hello, too, to Dorothy Jordan, recently come to pictures from the New York stage.

Colleen Moore was there with her husban, John McCormick. They have a beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, you know. We asked her what part of it she liked best, and she answered with what Patsy calls a Hibernicism: "Why the garden of course, in other words, the outside!"

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels were there, all attention to each other, and Georgie Jessel came in alone. He was expecting his wife out from the east, he said, but she hadn't arrived yet.

Georgie was wearing his hair very long, and explained that it was for the picture he is doing.

"The long hair is bad enough," he said, "but they won't let me smoke those long cigars on the set. I'm supposed to be the wistful type, and wistful types, it seems, don't smoke long black cigars. Maybe if they did, they wouldn't look so wistful."

Bebe Daniels was wearing one of those long, floating bobs which make most girls look as if they had just gotten out of bed, but it is very becoming to Bebe.

Bebe has been appointed honorary colonel in the Aviation Corps, you know, and has to go out and review the field about once a week. She is learning to fly, and has already done a solo flight.

"I suppose the aviators just hate to have you review them," remarked Willis Goldbeck, the writer.

By the way, Willis was all attention to Mary Duncan.

John Colton and Zoe Akins were there, and Basil Rathbone and his fascinating wife, Ouida Bergere, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, and a lot of others.

Hedda Hopper looked lovely, and as usual was wittily and charmingly entertain-

ing a circle of men.

Hedda declared vivaciously, when we asked about her son, William De Wolf Hopper, Jr., that she had told him he should go and see his father this summer, but the youth had answered cannily that he was afraid that if he did, his famous dad would set him to work!

"No, he doesn't want to go on the stage," smiled Hedda, "I don't think he wants to do anything!"

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman were there, Lilyan strikingly dressed as usual.

Lilyan is wearing her golden hair in a new fashion, tiny plastered curls at the sides, so that she looks like one of those quaint heads on an old Roman coin.

"My, what a lot of the tried and true there are here tonight — all Hollywood's Pyrami and Thisbae. There are Lila Lee and Johnny Farrow, Nick Stuart and Sue Carol, besides Bebe and Ben, and Irene Mayer and David Selznick."

Belle Bennett was there, very brown, she and her husband, Fred Windermere have been yachting off and on all summer, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Sprague, Lowell Sherman, Howard Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Knopf, and Manuel Ricchi, who, you recollect, used to be married to Agnes Ayres.

The buffet supper was served delightfully at small tables on a large lawn at the rear of the house. These enclosed lawns and gardens, surrounded by high walls, are very convenient for evening and even for afternoon parties, and all the new houses have them.

After supper, a Hawaiian orchestra played for dancing in the drawing room, and one of the Hawaiians sang a native song—one of those songs that would probably cause us to blush if we knew the translations, although to the Hawaiians they are just sweet love songs.

There was a Hawaiian dancer to entertain us, too.

Sue Carol told us that she could give an imitation—only Nick wouldn't let her!

Nick told us about Sue's independent ideas of how to play golf—how Sue held up a whole long train of players, during her first game, by going and picking up her ball to place it in a better position!

M. Corneglion, who controls many theaters in Paris, brought Leatrice Joy. They came rather late, from another party.

Mary Duncan danced a good deal, and her sister declared that Mary was rather conscience-stricken because she was having such a good time at her own party—thought she should, as hostess, be doing nothing except to see to it that her guests were enjoying themselves.

"Oh, I like her that way," declared Colleen Moore. "If there's anybody that can make you suffer, it's an over-anxious hostess."

Standing at Mary's sweet little garden gate, which opens onto a court which you cross before entering the house, we bade Mary good night and many happy returns.

"Oh, do you suppose that Cheiro will read my palm?" inquired Patsy excitedly.

"Well, at any rate, if you are going to beg that of him, don't forget to address him and his wife by their titles, Count and Countess Hamon!" I cautioned her.

We had been invited to a party which the famous astrologist and palmist was giving at his home in Santa Monica, where he had just arrived from England.

When the Count and Countess were in this country before, we were introudced to them by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who entertained them. Cheiro has a book on palmistry which is considered an authority on the subject for such as believe in that sort of thing.

The Count and Countess are a handsome couple, beyond middle-age, charming and delightful.

They have taken one of the homey old places in Santa Monica, a couple of miles back from the sea, and it was there they greeted us. We found a number of guests before us.

Jane Winton was there with her playwright husband, Charles Kenyon. Jane had been entertained by the Count and Countess when she was in London a couple of years ago. She told us of the Count's beautiful London home, and of seeing among the Count's treasures several autographed photographs of their Majesties the King and Queen of England and of the Prince of Wales.

Countess Hamon herself smiled as she told us about sending one of the Count's books to her Majesty; of how royalty may not receive any presents from their subjects, even so small a thing as a book; of how the book was returned next morning.

"But we found out," said the Countess, "that the Queen had sat up half the night reading the book!"

Which shows that even majesties are awfully human.

Gladys Unger, the playwright, was present, and so were Theda Bara—who is an ardent student of the mystic, you know—and her husband, Charles Brabin; Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Alec Francis and his wife, Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, Robert Vignola, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Ilka Chase, and Jack Hartland, the countess's son, who plays the piano magnificently, being a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, whose friend, another musician, Frank Perkins, was also a guest.

There was a lot of interesting chatter, but the real sensation of the evening came when, noting the decorations which the Countess wore, she told us that she had been given them by the Khedive of Egypt for keeping her mouth shut!

Somebody, of course, made the expected remark about its taking that much of a reward to any woman to keep her mouth shut, but questioning our hostess we found that, according to the Countess, when she was a very young and very beautiful woman, she was kidnapped from her boat on the Nile! And by the Turkish Prince Yusef, who was going to present her to his uncle, the Sultan of Turkey, to adorn his harem. Her bodyguard was killed, but she was rescued by a eunuch in the Princes' service who took pity on her and whom she bribed. However, she lived in a Turkish harem in Egypt for two years, but was in no way molested. And when she was released, she did not notify her government! That was why the Khedive decorated her.

Peg Talmadge told us that Constance Talmadge is happy in her marriage, and has no desire to work in pictures again. Here's hoping Connie changes her mind.

The portrait-insert in the February issue will be of Rudy Vallee. And the artist? None other than Rolf Armstrong!

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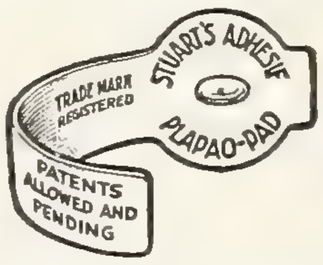

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On Location with Mary Nolan

Continued from page 67

what he could do about *that.* One thing he knew: it *didn't* come off, and it was all right in the scene. And the light was fine on her face; in fact, it was beautiful.

"Was I all right, Mr. Robertson?" she asked her director, "Did I say that all right?"

Mr. Robertson told me afterwards that Mary is a conscientious worker. "She tries very hard, and there is a sincerity about her portrayal of this girl that is really fine."

Although John Robertson is one of our least exploited directors, he is also one of our best. He has directed most of the biggest stars in the business, both when they were beginning and after they reached the heights. He has contributed, also, a few of our finest pictures. Who will forget "Sentimental Tommy," "Dr. Jeykel and Mr. Hyde," "The Bright Shawl," "Tess of the Storm Country?" And then there were "Spanish Jade," "Annie Laurie," "Captain Salvation," "Classmates," "The Single Standard," and scores of others. His personality is so gentle and so understanding that one is apt to forget he can also make things hum when others begin to take it easy. But he always manages not to hurt any feelings, and from all I hear in and around the studios, when a player knows he is slated for a John Robertson picture he is tickled pink, so to speak.

I asked him about Greta Garbo. I was interested to know, because of the conflicting reports that I have heard of her, what the director who has brought the happier side of her nature to the screen, thought about her.

"Is she phlegmatic, as they say she is?" I wanted to know.

"She has poise," he said. "Innate poise. Mentally she is terribly active. Her mind is like a steel trap. She grasps situations instantly and knows exactly what to do with them. You have only to suggest your meaning to Garbo. She is a brilliant woman, but she is slow to admit anyone to her confidence. She has the fidelity of her race. Once she is hurt and her suspicions aroused, forever after she is careful whom she opens her mind to. But when she is sure that you are sincere and friendly, she changes from the silent, sullen woman she is reported to be, and becomes the most fascinating, delightful and natural person imaginable, with a mentality that is startling in its force and comprehension."

"All ready, Mr. Robertson," announced his assistant, Billy Reiter.

Of course there was the usual studio paraphernalia scattered about. Mr. Beery wouldn't recognize his 'Paradise' had he stepped up at that moment. A generating truck was farther down stream, and a quantity of incandescents, reflectors, mike booms, and what not. On a hill near the public highway were stationed two men to check oncoming motors during a take.

"See that caged truck?" asked Sergei Petschinikof who is a musician, and whose father is a famous conductor and composer, but who has a yen to learn the moving picture business and has the sense to start from the bottom. "In that caged truck is a gang of prisoners going to the prison camp up above. They work on the road." Except for their being forcibly detained I thought they might be in a worse place.

Mary was trying to untangle her feet from the strands of the shawl. "Gee, this is terrible," she said. "I'll sure never get to heaven in this picture." She stretched out on the ground in the spot marked off for her.

"Can't you lie in a more gracious position, Mary?" asked Hal. "You look like the morgue or something."

"Well, I'll try, Hal, but you know this ground runs around in all directions. I'm just balanced on a couple of bumps anyway."

"All right. Let's go. Baffle the water!" called Mr. Robertson.

You see there is any quantity of water in a spot that is supposed to be waterless and except for Lone Pine, it is the best I have tasted in the west, or any place else for that matter. Noah Beery was lucky enough to stumble on this patch of earth one time while hunting and bought over eleven hundred acres of it. There is a continuous flow of water that supplies two lines of trout brooks; and underground it is said there is a gigantic natural reservoir, the extent of which has never been measured. Of course the streams all gurgle happily and that's not so good for sound pictures, so as luck would have it each pool had been equipped with an adjustable wooden dam that can shut off water from the pool below. When Mr. Robertson cried, "Baffle the water!" a 'grip' stationed at each pool adjusted the dam and the water was almost completely silenced.

In one scene both Mary and Jimmy had trouble with their lines. It was tried three times and the last one got halfway through when Mary slipped up.

"Cut!" cried Mr. Robertson, "and save that much in case it's all we get! Now you two kids sit down and study those lines until you know them."

"Well, well, if there isn't the Murray family," said Hal Mohr, welcoming Jimmy's bride, who is as pretty as the proverbial peach.

"I just got up," she said. "Isn't this place lovely? I slept like a top last night after the cat excitement subsided."

It seems that a mother cat had, with the peculiarity of her sex, chosen the roof of one of the bungalows to give birth to her brood; and the kittens, now nearly two months old, preferred it to any other sleeping quarters. It happened to be the roof of the bungalow in which Mary was domiciled, so, just as Mary and her maid were falling asleep, a scrambling on the roof frightened Ella almost out of her wits and her screams communicated her fright to her mistress, who upheld her end of the duet lustily.

This is Mary's first picture since her automobile accident and a nurse still accompanies her. The nurse was in an adjoining bungalow and when she heard the uproar she slung a robe around her and ran barefooted to the cabin to find out what on earth had broken loose. Peering from the edge of the roof were several pairs of gleaming eyes which didn't reassure her at all, and she made her way to the two screaming women, expecting to find them in the claws of a mountain lion at least. By that time the whole camp was aroused and Hal Horne, manager and part owner of the Club interests, had arrived upon the scene. Ella gasped out

her story, although it seems she had little to tell; it was just that she heard a lion trying to get into the window and Mary had screamed because Ella was screaming! Trying to control his laughter, Mr. Horne stepped outside and called to something. Again the scratching and scrambling and he came in with a furry bundle that looked scandalized at all the row these humans were making so late at night.

Holding up the mother and one of the kittens, he said: "Here's your lion, Ella!"

Whereupon everyone enjoyed a good laugh and turned in once more.

"There you are!" called Mary to Hal, who was talking to Mrs. Jimmy Murray. "Just foolin' around. Wasting your time again."

"We know our lines, Mr. Robertson," said Jimmy as he came over to greet his wife.

Earlier in the day I had asked him whether he expected to return to New York. "Only for a visit. You know I'm married now," he said shyly, "and *she's* never been there. We'll have to go so I can show her Broadway."

"Pull yourselves together now," said Mr. Robertson. "We'll be recording a sunset in a minute." And this time the scene got itself played through to the end.

The late Jeanne Eagels must have known Mary Nolan when she was preparing for her characterization in "Her Cardboard Lover." Whether she did or didn't, Mary is just like the girl as Miss Eagels played her on the stage. Everything she did was a delight to her; she ran across the floor in a filmy negligee and looked behind to see how it floated. She was like a little girl conscious for the first time of her own reflection in the glass and fascinated by what she found there. Mary Nolan is like that in real life. At least she was that day, but as I had never met her before it may not be characteristic of her usual manner. It might just have been the mood she was in.

I noticed a lot of literature on the backs of each one of the location chairs. As a rule there is simply the name of whoever it has been assigned to; but one of these read, "Here's where Marks parks." On another, "Our camera man, Hal Mohr, and his assistant."

Mary told me that the reason for the special write-up was that each person had to buy his own chair. Universal is the only studio in Hollywood with such an original idea.

"Did you have to buy yours?" I asked. Mary laughed. "Imagine my embarrassment when I went to sit down and there was no chair for me! I asked for one and was informed that $3.50 was the price. It was the first time I had been asked to pay for a chair in any studio in Hollywood and the request left me speechless with amazement. I called the front office and there was a chair for me in half an hour." But the rest weren't so lucky.

They were about ready to shoot when Mary sang out, "Ooh, my toe is cramped."

"Well, never mind," said Hal Mohr, who was frantic to see the light turning yellow, which would mean that work was over for the day. "We have enough to wait on without waiting on you. You can stand it another minute."

And then the light failed.

There was still enough to take stills, when you got out from under the trees, so Sherman Clark, the still man, posed Mary and Jimmy with turtles, which took considerable courage on Mary's part because she was scared to death to touch them.

Some of the boys played a set of tennis and took a dip in the large swimming pool stretched in front of the lodge. Mr. Robertson took me over the Club showing me the hatcheries. There are about six with different sizes of trout. Under cover are runways about two feet deep and ten or fifteen feet long with fish so tiny you can scarcely see them. As they grow they are put into pools with others of their size. There is constant circulation of water because the pools are really little reservoirs on different levels with the stream washing through them.

It is an ideal spot for a sound picture location. No airplanes fly anywhere near the spot—there are dangerous air pockets because of the mountains. There is water the year round, beautiful trees and mossy banks, shade and sunshine and clear, pure, dry air. There is a camp which holds about forty people and about a dozen bungalows housing, at a pinch, three each. The lodge consists of a large dining room with a dance floor and a recreation room with all sorts of gaming tables and everything to play from parchesi to billiards. There is a long veranda looking out over the swimming pool and tennis courts, the surrounding mountains and the desert below. Gradually some celebrated people are finding out about the place, renting or buying land from Noah and building on it.

We had a delicious trout dinner topped off with apple pie made from fruit picked right off the tree. Everything they serve is club grown except the vegetables, and they are planning to do that next year. Soon there will be a fine hotel which will take care of the increasing demand for accommodations. Altogether it looks as if Mr. Beery had done pretty well for himself. His partner, Hal Horne, has been in the theatrical business for nearly twenty years and he took his business staff along with him to help with the Club. His treasurer was treasurer at the box office, and so on. And they all love their change of location.

Jimmy and his wife walked about arm in arm, utterly oblivious of everyone and everything about them.

Next day Jimmy was rehearsing the scene where he runs to the brook for water. He was supposed to be terribly upset and ran as though all the fiends were after him.

"Gee," said Milton Krasner, second camera man, "if Jimmy had wings he'd take off, he's going so fast."

We finished up early and started for home. I had purchased a new suit case of proportions suitable for accommodating all my location outfit, such as tramping boots, breeches, etc., which I usually had to make a separate bundle of. And of course this was the one and only location that I needed none of it. When it was put beside the car waiting its turn to be stacked, the property boy caught sight of it.

"What's that?" he asked thunderstruck. "The studio organ?" I don't wonder he thought so.

Mr. Robertson, Hal Mohr, Jimmy, Mrs. Murray and I rode down together. Jimmy and his wife sat on the front seat with the driver and sang songs most of the way. Mr. Robertson told us about a lady he met in San Francisco who reminded him of a character in one of Blasco Ibanez' books. Not long afterwards he went to Europe and met the celebrated author. At luncheon one day he told Ibanez about the lady and discovered that the Spaniard did know her and had written his book around her!

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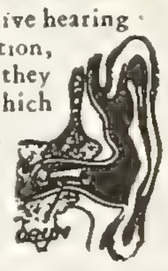

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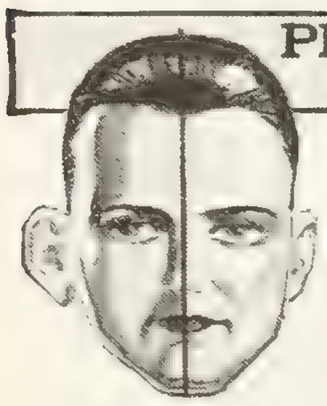

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Growing Up—*Continued from page 56*

the depths of despair did her no good.

Gradually she pulled herself out of that frame of mind by believing that nothing was important enough to worry about. Even now there are few things she thinks big enough even to argue about. She has learned to do everything according to the very best of her judgment and once a decision is done to forget it.

In four years she worked herself out of westerns and into a rôle in Richard Wallace's "The Poor Nut." Even good reviews failed to get her more work. Psychologically, defeat is very bad for anyone trying to succeed. It worked into Jean until she wasn't quite sure whether she was good or not. A test won for her a chance for the lead with Richard Dix in "Warming Up." Success in the rôle would mean a five-year Paramount contract.

Unknown to anybody at the studio Jean Arthur passed the most severe test of her life. The director encouraged her, but she was nervous. The years of futile attempts had torn down her faith in herself. She did not know the executives were talking seriously of taking her out of the production, but during one of the scenes she heard someone in back of the lights whisper that this was her last day. Those few careless words snapped into her. A terrific anger gave her excess energy through the day. No one said anything about stopping and she finished the picture. The culmination was a contract.

Hollywood seldom accepts a new girl with open arms. Jean wasn't noticed very much after "Warming Up," but Paramount's renewal of Jean Arthur's contract twice since this picture has given Hollywood confidence in her, and has given her confidence in herself.

Like most other persons who have had a hard fight for success, Jean has a keen consideration for the rights and feelings of persons with whom she associates. And few girls in Hollywood are quite as natural as she. She lives with her parents in an old frame house in the midst of a small grove of trees on one of Hollywood's side streets. The place has all the earmarks of belonging to one of the early settlers. It is comfortable but very plain. There is no gardner. Jean's father likes to water the lawn and keep it trim and neat. On warm days he takes off his coat and digs in the garden. There is no maid in the home. Jean drives her own Chrysler roadster, and lives the life of the average American girl.

With all her determination, Jean Arthur has some of the mystery of a foreign celebrity, an unusual quality for a young American girl. No one is ever quite sure of what she is thinking. Crowds of people meet with her distinct disapproval. At just two of Hollywood's premieres has she ever appeared. She loves solitude. I never have seen her with a girl friend or at a bridge party or tea. She takes long rides by herself, or with one of her dogs for company.

All the year round she goes swimming at the beach. Every day when she is not working she gets up at six-thirty and takes her dogs to the beach for a swim. Beach clubs meet with her disapproval because of the crowds. She has a special place where she likes to go. It has a fine beach front with a sign which says 'No Trespassing.' No one yet has questioned her right to be there but if they did she probably would say in a calm way: "I'm sorry, I didn't think you'd care," and walk away.

Jean's dogs are two of the important interests in her life. One is a wire-haired fox terrier and the other is a giant St. Bernard. On mornings when his mistress is working he goes into the hills for a bath in the creek. He climbs on a rock, jumps into the shallow water and swims out. On one of his trips to the hills, he lost his eye in some sort of accident. But the loss only seemed to add to his vitality. Jean says he could knock his head off and still go on in his happy way. The big St. Bernard is clipped every summer to resemble a lion. Both dogs fall all over themselves trying to greet Jean when she comes in the house.

At the studio Jean attends to her own affairs and keeps to herself. She knows few people. She passes persons on the lot unconscious of their presence. She talks very little except to those she knows well. She spends her vacations alone at some quiet resort. People are attracted to her because she is always well and tastefully dressed but she is seldom recognized.

Travis Banton, fashion creator at the Paramount studios, says Jean is one of the smartest young girls on the screen today. She has a sense of clothes that is born, not acquired. Banton first met Jean when he designed her wardrobe for "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu." He made her interesting clothes and she wore them as no one else could. She became more interested in her personal wardrobe and manages to have all the pieces of each costume in harmony. She has the good taste to adopt Banton's ideas to her own personality.

There is in Hollywood a select group of well-dressed women including Kay Francis, Florence Vidor, Evelyn Brent and Lilyan Tashman. Jean Arthur now belongs in this group.

Oddly enough, there is no type of parts that Jean prefers to play. There is only one thing which determines whether or not she likes a rôle, definite qualities which make a part either one thing or another. She liked her part in "The Saturday Night Kid." It wasn't sympathetic, but it was definite. She played a spoiled sister and there was no attempt to make her sweet.

Hollywood people are interested in the fact that Jean has been seen frequently the last year with a wealthy Pasadena youth. No one seems to know him very well. That is another part of her life that Jean tries to keep to herself.

In five years Jean Arthur has experienced more disappointments than a score of girls know in their lifetimes. It has left its mark on her. In her eyes at times one sees the disillusion of one who has struggled for success and found it an empty affair. Undefeated and undismayed, Jean Arthur has come into her own.

Do you have beauty problems? Consult Anne Van Alstyne, our beauty expert.

Come Into the Kitchen with Mary Brian

Continued from page 79

ing the work on this picture, mixing up large kettles of pralines to meet the demands of those who demand 'more.'

Here are some of Mary's recipes:

COFFEE-WHIPPED-CREAM-FROSTING

Whip until stiff one half pint of heavy cream, add sugar to sweeten. Add black coffee until cream is a light chocolate color. If the coffee and sugar thin out the cream, beat until stiff again. Cut sunshine cake in half. Spread frosting between layers, then thickly over entire cake. Serve immediately.

APPLE PIE

4 or 5 sour apples
⅔ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Few gratings lemon rind

Line pie plate with paste. Pare, core and cut the apples into eighths. Put row around plate one-half inch from edge, and work towards centre until plate is covered. Pile on remainder. Mix sugar, nutmeg, salt, lemon juice, and grated rind, and sprinkle over apples. Dot over with butter. Wet edges of undercrust, cover with upper crust, and press edges together.

Bake forty to forty-five minutes in moderate oven. A very good pie may be made without butter, lemon juice and grated rind. Cinnamon may be substituted for nutmeg. Evaporated apples may be used in place of fresh fruit.

CRUST PASTE

2 cups flour
¼ cup lard
¾ cup butter
Ice water

Put flour in bowl, add lard and cut in with knife. When finely chopped add water, to make a very stiff dough, using as little as possible. Cut the butter into the dough, leaving it in rather small pieces. Chill in ice box for several hours or over night. Place ball of paste on floured cloth, pat and roll out.

COLD PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

Yolks 3 eggs
Grated rind 1 lemon
Juice 1 lemon
½ cup sugar
Few grains salt
⅔ cup canned sliced pineapple
½ cup pineapple syrup
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
⅓ cup cold water
½ cup cream
Whites 3 eggs

Beat egg yolks slightly and add grated rind, lemon juice, sugar and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from range and add gelatine, which has soaked in water five minutes, and pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken, add cream, beaten until stiff, and egg whites, also beaten stiff. Turn into a mould, garnished with pieces of canned pineapple and candied cherries and chill thoroughly. Remove from mould to chilled serving dish and garnish with half slices of canned pineapple and candied cherries.

Thou Wow! — Continued from page 41

childish Elda, with all her supreme confidence and faith in herself and the world, I shudder."

"Then," she continued, "I decided that I had learned all that the chorus could teach me. I wanted to take a fling in straight drama. Finally I landed the youthful heroine's rôle in 'The Country Boy.'"

After many months as a dramatic actress, this little Quaker girl, who was still more Elda than Hedda, became a prima donna, singing the title rôle in "The Quaker Girl."

"I knew three high notes and three low notes. In between there was absolutely nothing. But I managed to do fairly well with the half dozen.

"It was during this time that I achieved the greatest triumph of my life," she went on. "The company was playing in Pittsburg, and I persuaded my mother and father to come over to see me. It was the first time that they ever had set foot within the wicked land of the theater."

So peace was made with the Furry family and the seven minister uncles who forgave her, but never came to see her behind the footlights.

The next step in her career was marriage and a three-year retirement from the stage. She emerged from her taste of domesticity to enter pictures. She has never returned to the stage except spasmodically.

In those three years every trace of the Quaker Elda disappeared. She became completely the polished, scintillating Hedda of today.

She says that she never expects to marry again. She doesn't say that she knows she will never marry again. She may change her mind. And she may not.

"Why should I marry?" she asked, shrugging her slim shoulders. "I have almost everything I want: a home, my son and many friends. Why should I settle down?"

Hedda is so vitally interested in all phases of life, that her mental demands are naturally polygamous. She likes the sophisticated women whom she plays on the screen.

"They are interesting, these women. They aren't really wicked at heart. Merely bored creatures trying to amuse themselves with life and love. Most women lack the courage of their convictions. That is their weakness. I try to give my screen characters this courage, which is essentially masculine, lightened by a sense of humor and an amused detachment. I want to make them a dash of scarlet in a world of more-or-less colorless femininity."

If you turn back the leaves of history, you will find that the dashingly scarlet women there portrayed are the ones who are remembered. Their daintily ineffectual and feminine sisters are forgotten.

These remembered women seem to have made a successful study and an absorbing hobby of the men of their particular centuries.

Do the men enjoy being hobbies?

Ask Hedda. She knows!

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Sixteen Millions A Day

Benjamin De Casseres, eminent dramatic critic, beginning with the next issue will conduct SCREENLAND'S *drama department in his pungent and inimitable style.*

Nancy Carroll, a screen star who needs no 'ghost writer,' will contribute a series of interviews to SCREENLAND. *First, Hal Skelly—in the next, the February issue.*

WHAT food for thought these staggering figures afford!

¶ Sixteen thousand *thousand* human beings attend motion picture theaters located in every city, town, village and hamlet in America every day, seeking and finding diversion and entertainment!

¶ This stupendous audience — the backbone of American life—consists of every age, every degree of taste and intelligence. When times are good, it's a luxurious pastime; when the complex affairs of life cause troubled minds, an evening at the theater for a modest admission charge fills up the void until things straighten out. And they always do.

¶ A goodly portion of these many millions have learned the trick of happy living. They know that a fair amount of entertainment is necessary to a well balanced life. They take their screen plays seriously, see to it that these precious evenings aren't wasted, by keeping abreast of the inside news of what the enterprising producers are doing, and by reading the interesting 'behind the scenes' activities of the stars and players whose talents are public treasures. And here, by the way, is where SCREENLAND steps into the picture.

¶ You, for whom this magazine is published, are part of those whose intense interest keeps the producers 'on their toes' and spurs the directors and stars on and on in their ambition to make their work worthwhile. Behind these scenes are exhausting days and sleepless nights—and in most instances an unselfish devotion to their art.

¶ And how times have changed!

¶ Ten years ago, almost ten years before talking pictures, David Warfield, one of America's greatest character actors, had trouped from city to city for the previous fifteen years, playing "The Music Master." He told the writer of this page that he had just refused an offer of a million dollars to play "The Music Master" in pictures — a silent picture, of course. He refused the offer because he was more interested in his art than in the money it produced for him — he couldn't get the 'reaction' from his audience —because he couldn't hear their sobs while he shed his tears as his own voice sobbed. Today, the great Warfield could sit in the audience, watch himself weep, hear himself sob, hear the rest of the audience sob, and perhaps do a little sobbing himself.

¶ In years to come, there will be other Warfields, just as we have Garbo, Swanson, Colman and the rest. They will come up out of the ranks in pictures and from the 'legitimate' stage.

¶ The shining stars and brilliant plays of Broadway are finding their way into talking pictures, for the sixteen millions a day will laugh and weep and give them all the 'reaction' they need.

¶ And before you close the book, SCREENLAND announces:

¶ *Benjamin de Casseres,* distinguished dramatic critic, who packs a stick of dynamite along with a genuine understanding of plays and players, commencing with our next issue, will conduct a series of reviews of Broadway productions that may ultimately become big picture attractions.

¶ *Nancy Carroll* has joined SCREENLAND'S staff. One of the most popular screen stars, Nancy is also a writer—a real writer. She was doing interviews for a New York daily newspaper before she went into pictures. One of her willing victims was Hal Skelly. Little they thought, the interviewee and the pretty interviewer, that one day they would be co-starring in The Dance of Life." Appropriately enough, Nancy's first assignment for this Magazine is to interview Hal Skelly. And no ghost writing, either. The Carroll charm is as fresh and natural on paper as it is on the screen.

THE PUBLISHERS

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